HEAVY METAL®

May 1980
$2.00

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

KANAREK

HEAVY METAL®
May 1980
$2.00
The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

Special Opportunity

AMERICAN HEART ASSOCIATION
3 DAY CAMPUS FUND RAISER

ONLY GREEKS NEED APPLY!

FIGHT HEART DISEASE AND WIN STERN'S EXPLOSIVE NEW ALI PINBALL MACHINE FOR YOUR HOUSE.

No Exp Nec ■ The Am Heart Assoc & Stern Elctrnics are now taking applicas from frat & soror hses for 3 Day Campus Fund Raiser, wknd of 4/11-13/80. ■ All entrants must be competitive, compassionate, luv pnball & be willing to wrk lng hrd hrs in exchng for hrtwarming and lucrative exp. ■ Exc benef. Explosv, new Muham Ali pnball mach will be awarded to 19 hses raising most $$$ in 72 hrs. + 1 mach will be given to hse collecting $$$ in most comic way. (This mach comes w/out ball . . . ha . . . ha . . . just kidd.) Also, next 50 hses raising most $$$ will be plagued with 50 Nat Lamp Mag lftme subscrptns. ■ In add, Nat Lamp Execs will wine & dine nat winner in hot Chgo nite spot (assuming one can be found). ■ If Greek, contact your panhellenic or interfrat council office or call the Am Heart Assoc at (214) 750-5300 for applica & total alpha to omega rules of entry.

American Heart Association

STERN
STERN ELECTRONICS, INC.

DEL REY Del Rey Hardcovers

The best in science fiction and fantasy.

BEYOND THE BLUE EVENT HORIZON
Frederik Pohl

$9.95

The spectacular sequel to Gateway, the book destined to become the most talked-about science fiction novel of 1980!

Somewhere, way beyond Pluto's orbit, floated an ancient artifact which could unravel the mysteries of the Heechees—all Robinette Broadhead had to do was reach it!

"Frederik Pohl's best book yet!"—Jack Williamson, President of the Science Fiction Writers of America

SPLIT INFINITY
Piers Anthony

$9.95

SPLIT INFINITY begins a new trilogy from the science fiction/fantasy master whose MAGIC OF XANTH trilogy won him acclaim in the fantasy genre.

Being marked for death on one world wasn't enough for Sile. Hardly had he escaped assassination on the highly technical, science-oriented world of Proton, than he found himself on Phaze, a world of sorcery and magic where yet another power was set on destroying him.

DRAGON'S EGG
Robert L. Forward

$9.95

Once in a while a novel appears that has everything unique to science fiction—a brilliant new idea, honest extrapolation of real science, a gripping story with fascinating alien characters, and an indefinable but essential sense of wonder. This is such a novel!

An incredible story of life on a neutron star—and the intelligent aliens who inhabit it—a story of sacrifice and triumph and the wonders of the universe.

"Forward's book is a knock-out. What is amazing is that he has also managed a good story as well as a stunning new locale. In science fiction there is only a handful of books that can really stretch the mind—and this is one of them!"
—Arthur C. Clarke

Available in May

THE WOUNDED LAND: Book One of The Second Chronicles of Thomas Covenant

$12.95

It all began with The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant The Unbeliever—LORD FOUL'S BANE, THE ILLEARTH WAR and THE POWER THAT PRESERVES. Now the story of Thomas Covenant continues.

Ten quiet, undisturbed years had passed for Covenant since he was last called to the Land. At that time he had used the wild magic of his white gold ring to defeat the evil plans of Lord Foul. But now Foul had returned to power, stronger and more determined than ever to destroy this world, and Covenant once again found himself in the Land.

The Washington Post said of Donaldson, "Comparable to Tolkien at his best... a true classic."

Available in June

CONTENTS

Heavy Metal May 1980 Vol IV No 2

Munick, by **Leo Stathis**, 4
Comix, by **Jay Kinney**, 4
Divining at the Edge, by **Barry Malzberg**, 5
SF, by **Steve Brown**, 5
Flix, by **Bob Stewart**, 5
Champakou, by **Jermaton**, 7
Professor Thinkwhistle, by **Richard Lupoff** and **Steve Stiles**, 25
The Bus, by **Paul Kirchner**, 31
Spirit of the Beast, by **Richard Corben**, 33
The Alchemist Supreme, by **Godard** and **Ribera**, 41
Suburban Scenes: December, by **Caza**, 52
The Gallery Section: New Books, 57
Changes, by **Matt Howarth**, 65
Reptilangelo at Work, by **Carl Potts**, 73
Dream Police, by **Capelle**, 74, 86
Rock Opera, by **Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.**, 78
First Love, by **Perry** and **Bissette**, 84
Only the Pitch, by **Bilal**, 87
...Thirty-eight..., 3
Chain Mail, 72
Cover. The Fourteen Year Itch, by **Michael Kanarek**

"Champakou," by Jermaton is from *Metal Hurlant* © 1979. *Metal Hurlant* is published by L.F. Editions, Les Humanoides Associes, Paris. Reprinted by permission.

"The Alchemist Supreme," by Godard and Ribera; "Suburban Scenes: December," by Caza and "Only the Pitch," by Bilal are all from *Pilote* magazine, © 1979, 1980 Dargaud Editeur, France. All rights reserved.

All other copyrights are held by individual artists, authors, and/or representatives.

Illustration by Guy Colwell

...THIRTY-EIGHT...

When the folks at *National Lampoon* decided to take a big chance on launching an American edition of the French magazine *Metal Hurlant*, nobody knew how well it would do, or how big a chance was being taken.

That was three years ago, and it turned out that *Heavy Metal* was an immediate success. But despite the gratification that gave us, *HM* has occupied a lonely spot on the nation's newsstands ever since. ("What kinda magazine is that? *Heavy Metal*, did you say? Rock 'n' roll or something?") And we've had our problems trying to explain to some people what *HM* is all about. ("Comics? Comics're for *kids*!") People are a lot happier with categories; categories that they can understand. Being the only "adult comic book" on the stands can be a proud and lonely thing.

We're a little less lonely now.

The people over at Marvel who revolutionized "kid's comics" almost twenty years ago (has it been that long since the Fantastic Four and Spidey made their debuts? Yes, nearly...) have launched a new magazine in "the *Heavy Metal* category" called *Epic Illustrated*.

No postmortems here. The people who put together *Epic* had their own unique problems to deal with, their own taste to follow. Rather, an outstretched hand in welcome. Glad to have some company; good to see another "adult comic book" on the stands.

Epic will have its problems—its quarterly publishing schedule is probably the biggest—but we wish it luck and success. It's a big world and there is surely room for both *Epic* and *HM* here.

And *Epic* will keep us on our toes. Just knowing that we've got some real competition will give us that extra little nudge that can keep complacency at bay.

So, Stan and Archie and the whole gang over at *Epic Illustrated*, keep 'em coming!

—*Ted White*

HM COMMUNICATIONS, INC., is a subsidiary of National Lampoon, Inc.

Chairman **Matty Simmons** President **Julian L. Weber**
Chairman of the Executive Committee **Leonard Mogel**
Executive Vice-President **Gerald L. Taylor**
Sr. Vice-President **George S. Agoglia, Sr.**
Vice-President, Finance **Peter Philipps**
Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales **Howard Jurofsky**
Controller **Edward Fox**

HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE (USPS 379-970): "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications, Inc. © 1980 HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semi-fiction is purely coincidental.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

Editor: **Ted White**
Executive Editor: **Julie Simmons**
Copy Editor: **Susan Zicherer**
Art Director: **John Workman**
Art Assistants: **Bill Workman, Dan Steffan**
Production Manager: **Camille Russo**
Production Assistant: **Laurie Drummond**
Circulation Director: **George S. Agoglia, Sr.**
European Editor: **Diana K. Meister**
Foreign Rights Manager: **Christine Miner**
Publisher: **Leonard Mogel**

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. $24.00 paid annual subscription. $32.00 paid two year subscription and $39.00 paid three year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $3.00 for Canada and $5.00 elsewhere. Second class postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: New York: Advertising Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022 (212) 688-4070. Chicago: William H. Sanke, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60601 (312) 346-7145. West Coast: Lower Fox and Associates, 16200 Ventura Boulevard, Encino, Cal. 91436 (213) 990-2950. Southern Offices: Brown & Company, Northside Tower, Suite 407, 6065 Roswell Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30328 (404) 252-9820.

COMIX

illustration by Dan Stathis

Jay Kinney

Underground Comix
Part Four: **Some Overview**

In this column over the last several issues I've written quite a lot about the early history of underground comix without touching too much on the comics' general philosophy. This has been in part because it is easy to get swept along in a torrent of names, dates, titles, and gossip, losing sight of the works in question. It is also due to the fact that discussing the UGs and their significance (if any) requires tackling their place in the world of popular art, which is no easy task.

However, this seems a good time to try to make some sense out of it all, to inject some overview, if you will, by discussing why I think the UGs have been some of the most intriguing (and underrated) comic art of the past several decades. Not only have they survived the dissolution of their original countercultural audience but they also helped to create a more sophisticated approach to comic art, resulting in publications such as *Heavy Metal*.

These days comics seem to be an embattled art form. One need only pick up the Sunday funnies or a superhero comic to note that the space allotted to the strips is shrinking, the reproduction quality is falling, and the strips themselves, more often than not, fail to provoke either laughter or excitement.

Needless to say, this was not always the case. When newspaper comics developed at the turn of the century, print was still the reigning medium and comics were a great circulation builder for the papers that featured them proudly. As the first and second generations of cartoonists developed through the thirties they had giant sixteen-by-twenty-inch pages as canvasses for their Sunday strips—lavish space without which classics such as "Little Nemo," "Prince Valiant," or "The Kin-der-Kids" would have been unthinkable. Even the daily strips of the era were twice the size of today's miserably cramped descendants.

The grand old men of comic strips, the Tads, the Goldbergs, the Herrimans, the DeBeecks, etc., had all been solo performers. They did all the tasks themselves (or sometimes with an assistant): the writing, drawing, lettering, and coloring. The sum total had a strong personal stamp that packed a wallop.

continued on page 64

MUZICK

Lou Stathis

A monster lurks in the shadows. You can just about see its vague form against the dark background of the night. It's obscenely fat, and it waits, squatting back on its haunches like a carnivorous sumo wrestler looking for some chicken necks to rip apart with his teeth. Slowly, it moves through the sooty mist, breathing shallowly and leaving bucket-sized clumps of McQueenian slime in its wake. It is putrefaction personified and disease on two legs . . . something so evil, so sick and disgusting, that it can make even the most hardened New York City subway rider fall to his knees and scream to be put out of his misery.

Sometimes, I get this strange feeling that my mind is not my own. It's as though some inhuman fiend is using my pitiful body as a tool, a twitching receptacle through which an unending stream of manic gibberish is channeled. All I can do is watch with impotent horror as this invisible beast manipulates my fingers, and pages of baboonish babble up-

continued on page 31

FLIX

Illustration by Jerry Tiritis

Bhob

When I gave a freshly minted copy of *Heavy Metal* to Jerzy Skolimowski, the Polish director of *The Shout* (1978), he said, "Good! I will have something to read on the airplane." I smiled at the sudden mental projection: this brilliant visionary of the unpredictable aspects of contemporary existence whisperjetting over continents and thirty-five thousand feet high on Moebius.

continued on page 74

SF

Steve Brown

For a long time now I have railed against Hollywood's pathetic attempts to put SF onto film. The shoddy excuses we have had for SF films are a major factor in the popular misconception of SF as a basically trivial form of adolescent escapism. And yet, the detailed richness of the best of written SF has vast potential for successful transformation to the screen. I can only think of three SF movies that come even close to the power and substance of their written works: *The Incredible Shrinking Man*, *Alien*, and *2001*, and all of them (the pretentious ambiguities of the latter notwithstanding) are of the most basic action-escapist variety.

In mid January PBS aired a production of *The Lathe of Heaven* by Ursula Le Guin. *Lathe* is far from Le Guin's most popular book (I know staunch Le Guin fans who actively hate it), and it is perhaps her most atypical work. Yet it has always been one of my personal favorites. When I first heard of the film my eager anticipation was unbounded. At last! A movie that would show *Star Wars* fans just what an SF movie could be. The filmmakers even respected and listened to the author. Le Guin oversaw the production and was listed in the credits as the creative consultant.

The Lathe of Heaven is about a passive man named George Orr who has the power to dream "effectively"; that is, his dreams come true retroactively. He dreamt that an aunt had been killed in an accident six months earlier, and when he awoke, it had actually happened. The aunt had died long ago, and everyone's memories of her were changed except for Orr's. Orr has a power beyond anyone's imagination. He can literally change the face of the earth, lift mountain ranges, turn deserts into seas, or rearrange any (or all) of history. But Orr wants only to be rid of his power and is soon enmeshed in the designs of a megalomaniac psychiatrist named Dr. Haber. Haber realizes

continued on page 73

SIDEBAR

Illustration by John Pasquin

DIVINING AT THE EDGE

by Barry Malzberg

Occasionally, in my role of community participant, and less frequently in that of a moderately well-known science fiction writer, I speak to classes in the high school of my New Jersey suburb. After a fifteen minute (at the most) set piece on the joys and perils of the Writing Life, I throw the floor open to questions. "What do you think of *Star Wars*?" "What do you think of *Stranger in a Strange Land*?" "Is Asimov your favorite science fiction author?" "Do you know him?" "What was the meaning of the ending of *2001*?" "Did you like 'Twilight Zone'?" "What about Ray Bradbury?"

Well, what about him? Ray Bradbury has not appeared with a story in a science fiction magazine for seventeen years or published a new book in close to twenty. I don't think too much of *Stranger in a Strange Land* or *Star Wars* (Edmond Hamilton thought up the latter almost alone forty years ago). The ending of *2001* is metaphysical, not science fiction, and Asimov is a splendid, ebullient fellow. So what? Is that all that the general public—as represented at least in the high schools—thinks of science fiction? A couple

continued on page 73

Coming from Heavy Metal *Books:*

The Swords of Heaven, the Flowers of Hell

Howard Chaykin's stunning presentation of a new sword and sorcery romance conceived by Michael Moorcock. An illustrious sixty-four pages of full color, with an introduction by Moorcock. $6.95 at bookstores everywhere, or by mail from *Heavy Metal* Books.

Heavy Metal Books Dept. HM-5-80
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Please send _____ copies of *The Swords of Heaven, the Flowers of Hell*, at $6.95 (plus $1.00 postage and handling).

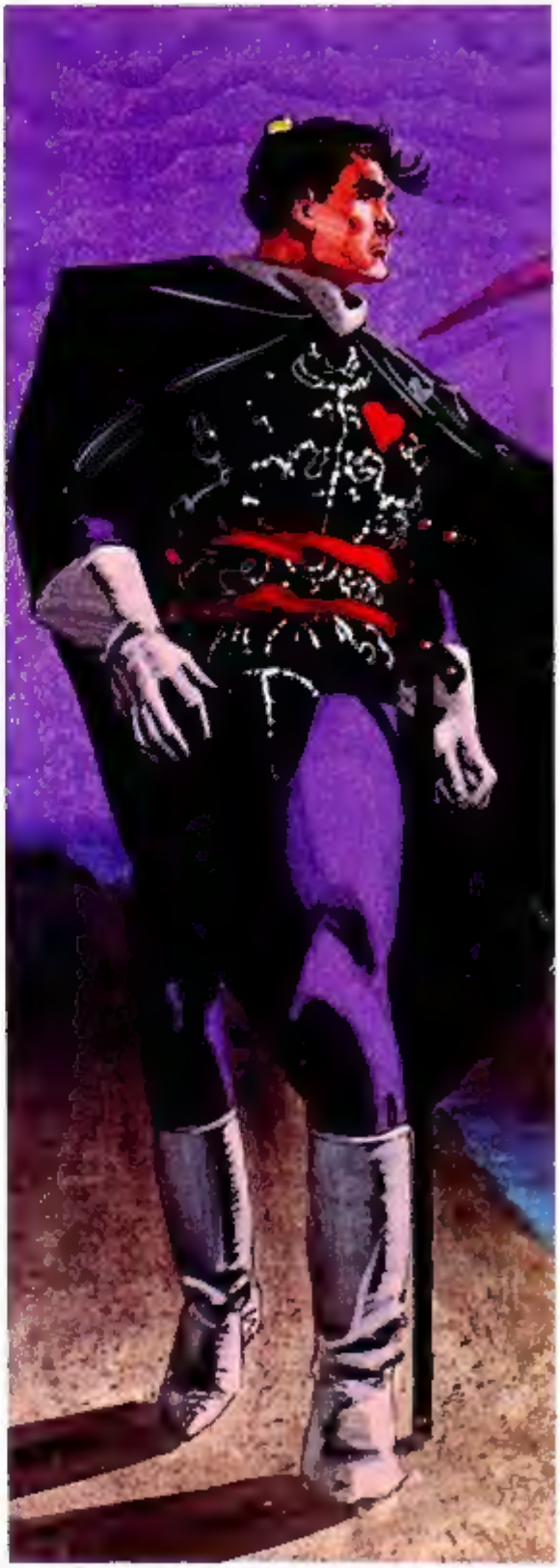
Name _____

Address _____

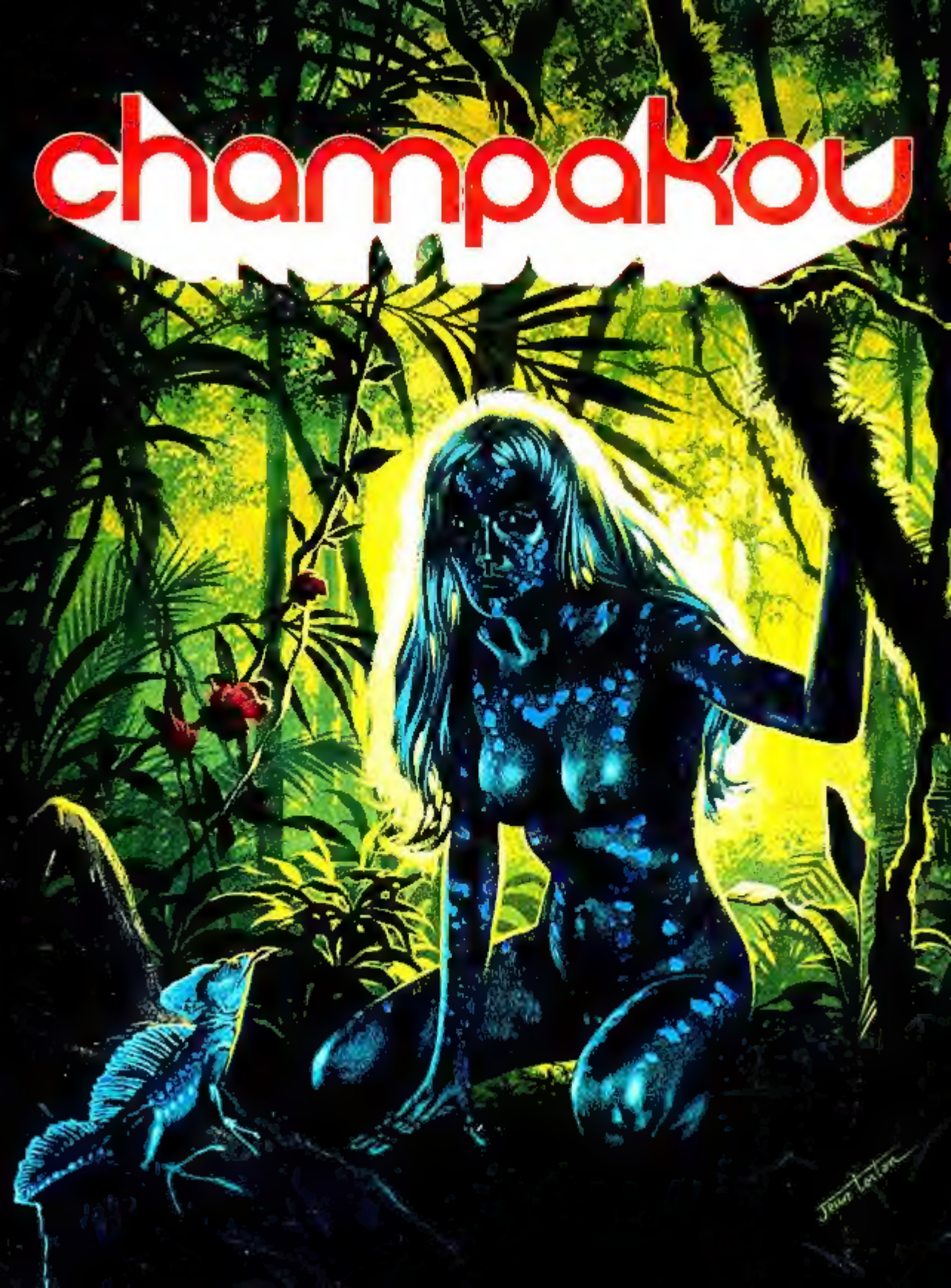
City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed _____ in check or money order payable to *Heavy Metal* Books.



If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order please print or type all the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order


champakou
Jean Tarlton

NOTHING HAS STRUCK ME DOWN...YET. HMM. THIS IS THE SAME METAL AS THE OLD CHARM THAT WAS CHRAMIS.
I MUST HAVE COURAGE. I MUST FOLLOW MY CURIOSITY ALL THE WAY!
BUT THERE IS NO ONE. THE GOD WHO BROUGHT THE CELESTIAL SHIP HERE HAS DISAPPEARED OR IS INVISIBLE

AT THE SAME MOMENT NOT FAR AWAY, A BIG GAME TRAP HAS JUST BEEN TRIGGERED BY AN UNUSUAL VICTIM

I'M WOUNDED AND MY TRIGAM, MY DEFENSE. I DROPPED IT WHEN I FELL... IT STAYED ON THE RIM OF THIS PIT

RROORAAR

AN ARM! 'A FLESH-EATER OF THIS WORLD HE MUST SMELL MY BLOOD' HE IS DANGEROUS
IF HE GETS ANY CLOSER TO THE EDGE HE'LL FALL

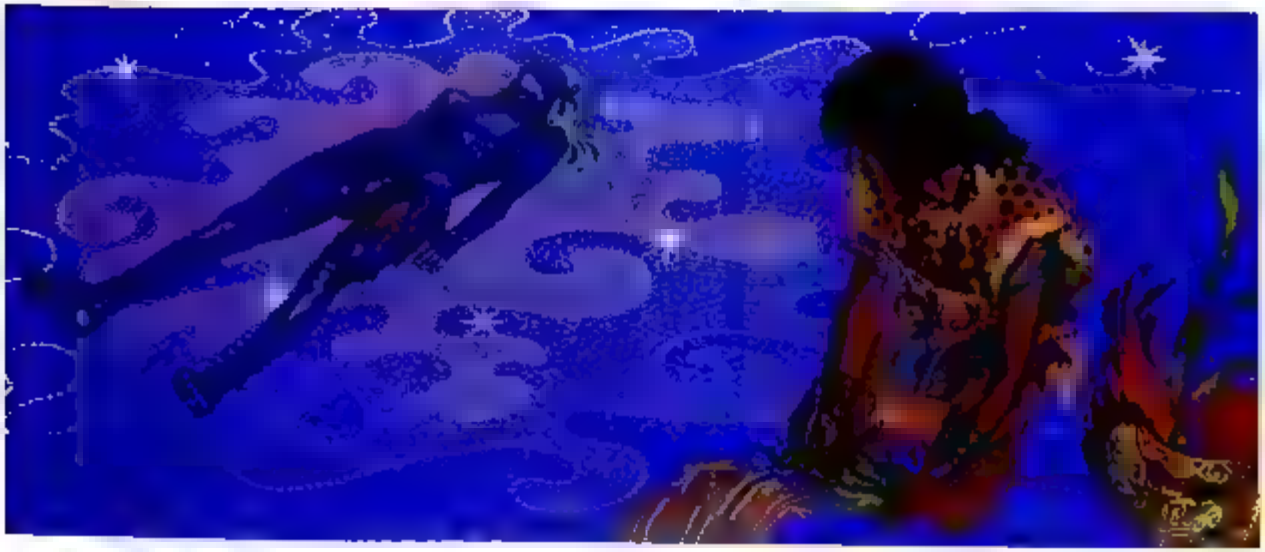
AMBUSH! QUICK!
MY SUBTERFUGE WILL NOT IMPRESS HIM FOR LONG. I HAVE TO FIND SOMETHING ELSE. WAIT! I... I FEEL A PRESENCE. THE PRESENCE OF A VERTICAL BEING. PERHAPS I AM SAVED!

WHY DID I TAKE THIS DETOUR? CAREFUL. THERE ARE TRAPS AROUND HERE!
ONE OF THEM HAS BEEN SET OFF
ARRGH!
OOH!
DON'T BE AFRAID, MAN! I'M NOT YOUR ENEMY. AND THIS ANIMAL IS GOING TO KILL ME. PLEASE! YOU MUST SAVE ME!

TAKE MY TRYGAM, THAT BRILLIANT OBJECT THAT IS FLYING AT YOUR FEET! QUICK! I'VE HAD NO PROTECTION UNTIL NOW!
WHAT'S HAPPENING? THE VOICE OF THIS CREATURE IS TALKING IN MY HEAD
I MUST DO WHAT SHE SAYS. IF I DON'T THE LADY WHO CHANGES HER SKIN WILL BE DEVOURED
DIRECT THAT ARM TOWARD THE THING THAT WANTS TO HURT ME AND PRESS ON THE RED BALL
AAAH! THE FIRE OF HEAVEN HAS ANNIHILATED THE JAGUAR!

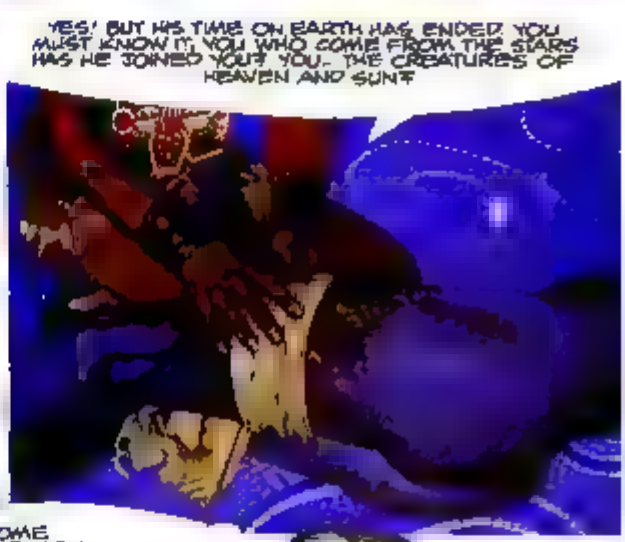
THE FIRE OF HEAVEN! THE SWORD OF THE OURAKAN* IS IN THE BRILLIANT SCEPTER. THE POWER OF THIS MAGICIAN IS IMMENSE! I AM LOST!
THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP FRIEND! YOU ARE A HERO! COME
GET ME OUT OF THIS PIT! THE LADY FROM HEAVEN WILL REPAY YOU GREAT TO ME
*OURAKAN THE MAYAN GOD OF THE STORM.

HER SKIN IS BLUE, BUT HER BLOOD IS RED LIKE MINE! THEN I WILL MAKE HER A POULTICE OF PLANTS TO STOP THE HEMORRHAGING AND PREVENT POSSIBLE INFECTION

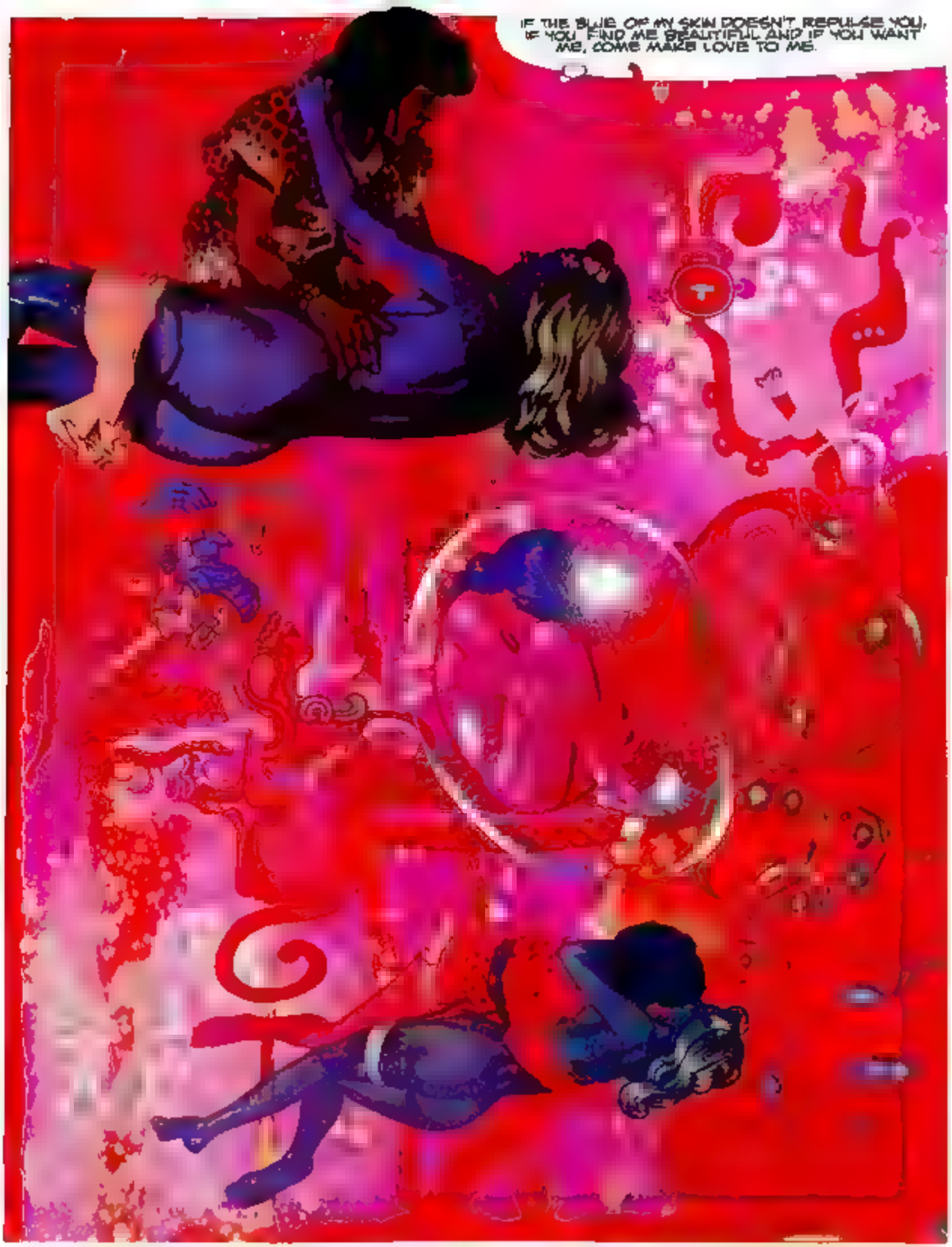


WHO ARE YOU, MAN?
DON'T MOVE, LADY OF HEAVEN! YOU HAVE LOST A LOT OF BLOOD! I AM CHAM PAKOU, STUDENT OF THE GREAT CHILAM. I WILL CARE FOR YOU AND CURE YOUR WOUND.

CHILAM?! CHILAM OF SANATAL IS YOUR MASTER?


YES! BUT HIS TIME ON EARTH HAS ENDED! YOU MUST KNOW IT, YOU WHO COME FROM THE STARS! HAS HE JOINED YOU? YOU, THE CREATURES OF HEAVEN AND SUN?

WHERE I COME FROM, EVEN DEAD MEN DON'T GO, POOR CHILAM! SO I'VE DELAYED TOO LONG? BUT DO YOU SEE, WHERE I COME FROM TIME IS SO DIFFERENT FROM HERE
YOU MEAN THAT THERE ARE NO SEASONS? AND THAT ONE DOESN'T AGE THERE, LIKE ON THE DRAGON OF THE EARTH? BUT WHERE DO YOU COME FROM THEN, BEAUTIFUL MAGICIAN?
DO YOU WANT TO KNOW ALL THAT? DO YOU ALSO WANT TO CURE ME OF MY WOUNDS?
YES! I DO!


IF THE BLUE OF MY SKIN DOESN'T REPULSE YOU, IF YOU FIND ME BEAUTIFUL AND IF YOU WANT ME, COME MAKE LOVE TO ME.

NOW LOOK AT MY WOUND
BUT IF IT'S ALMOST GONE.
YOUR SEED ALLOWED ME TO RE-GENERATE MY TISSUES RAPIDLY ONCE AGAIN AND NOT EVEN A TRACE WILL BE LEFT
I'M VERY TIRED
THAT'S NORMAL. YOU'RE GOING TO REST AND I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR SOMETHING TO EAT. YOU MUST BE RAVENOUS

A FEW MOMENTS LATER
NOW HUNGRY I WAS! I FEEL BETTER NOW!
I FOUND THESE FOODS IN A GARDEN OF SAYATAL. MY POWER TO CHANGE THE COLOR OF MY SKIN MAKES ME, SO TO SPEAK, INVISIBLE TO YOUR EYES
AND YOU CAN TAKE ON ALL THE COLORS YOU WANT!

AND HERE, A DANGEROUS ANIMAL FROM ANOTHER COUNTRY...

HERE'S ANOTHER.
AND HERE I AM LIKE THIS. SEA CREATURES THEMSELVES ARE FOOLED.
THE SUN SETS AND EVERYTHING BECOMES RED AROUND ME.
DO YOU LIKE THAT?
IT'S EXTRAORDINARY! DANGER, THEN, CAN MAKE YOU TAKE ON ALL THE ASPECTS OF NATURE?

PLEASURE ALSO. DO YOU WANT ME A WOMAN OF YOUR PEOPLE?
DO YOU, PERHAPS, PREFER ME LIKE THIS?...
...OR LIKE THIS? THE WHIMSICAL POSSIBILITIES ARE ENDLESS, YOU KNOW.
HERE I AM A STATUE OF FINE STONE—DO YOU LIKE IT? WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT ME? SO LET ME MAKE...

MY LOVE, IT WAS EXTRAORDINARY! INCREDIBLE! WE, THE MEN OF THE EARTH, HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT THE WORLD IS ONLY A GREAT SNAKE, AN IMMENSE DRAGON WHO SLEEPS FROM THE BEGINNING. SOMETIMES HE WAKES UP AND THE EARTH TREMBLES, AND THE SCALES OF THE MONSTER CHANGE... IT'S NOT LIKE THAT, THEN? MY MASTER--HE SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND THAT EVERYTHING IS ONLY SPHERES... CERTAIN OF WHICH ARE INHABITED BY ALL SORTS OF CREATURES... THAT'S WHAT CHILAM TALKED TO ME ABOUT ONCE
YOU WILL KNOW EVEN MORE IF YOU SPEND MORE TIME WITH ME
BUT WHY AM I WITHOUT STRENGTH EACH TIME WE HAVE LOVED? AND THEN, I WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE DOLL OF JADE, AND MY BROTHERS. I WOULD LIKE TO KEEP YOU CLOSE TO ME, TOO. LOVE WITH YOU IS SO DIFFERENT... SO BEAUTIFUL... I LOVE YOU. I LOVE YOU, LADY OF HEAVEN.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SHAME ON YOU!

HEAVY METAL IS MUCH MORE THAN A COMIC BOOK!

Heavy Metal is a graphic story magazine. *Heavy Metal* is a science fiction and fantasy magazine. *Heavy Metal* talks about film, music, comix, and art. *Heavy Metal* is an international magazine. *Heavy Metal* is a focal point—and it's pointing at you!

SUBSCRIBE NOW AND SAVE AT THESE SPECIAL PRICES!

Heavy Metal Dept. 580
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Three years @ $39.00 less $10.00 pay only $29.00 for 36 issues (80.5¢ per issue)

Two years @ $32.00 less $10.00 pay only $22.00 for 24 issues (91.6¢ per issue)

One year @ $19.00 less $5.00 pay only $14.00 for 12 issues (1.16 per issue)

Please enter my Heavy Metal subscription for ☐ 3 years ☐ 2 years ☐ 1 year

☐ payment enclosed $ _____

Charge to my
☐ Master Charge Card # ____ Exp. Date ____ Master Charge Interbank # _____
☐ Visa Card # _____ Exp. Date

Signature _____

Name _____

Mailing Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Checks must be payable within U.S. or Canada. Add $3.00 per year for Canada and $5.00 per year for other foreign countries

THE ADVENTURES OF PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE AND HIS INCREDIBLE AETHER FLYER

CHAPTER FOUR: SOME SURPRISES

BEHOLD, READER, THE DAUNTLESS LITTLE *CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR* HAD DESCENDED UPON THE **MOON** FAIRLY ENOUGH... HOWEVER, THE SPUNKY, STEAM DRIVEN CRAFT RESTED PRECARIOUSLY UPON THE LACTEAL FAUCET OF A **GIANT WOMAN**, TO WHOM THE *ARTHUR* AND HER CREW WERE NO GREATER IN SCALE THAN THE COMMON BOAR WASP, PEACOCK LEECH, OR MUSK APHID!

WHAT A SITUATION!

AND NOW ON WITH OUR STORY...

BY STEVE STILES & DICK LUPOFF

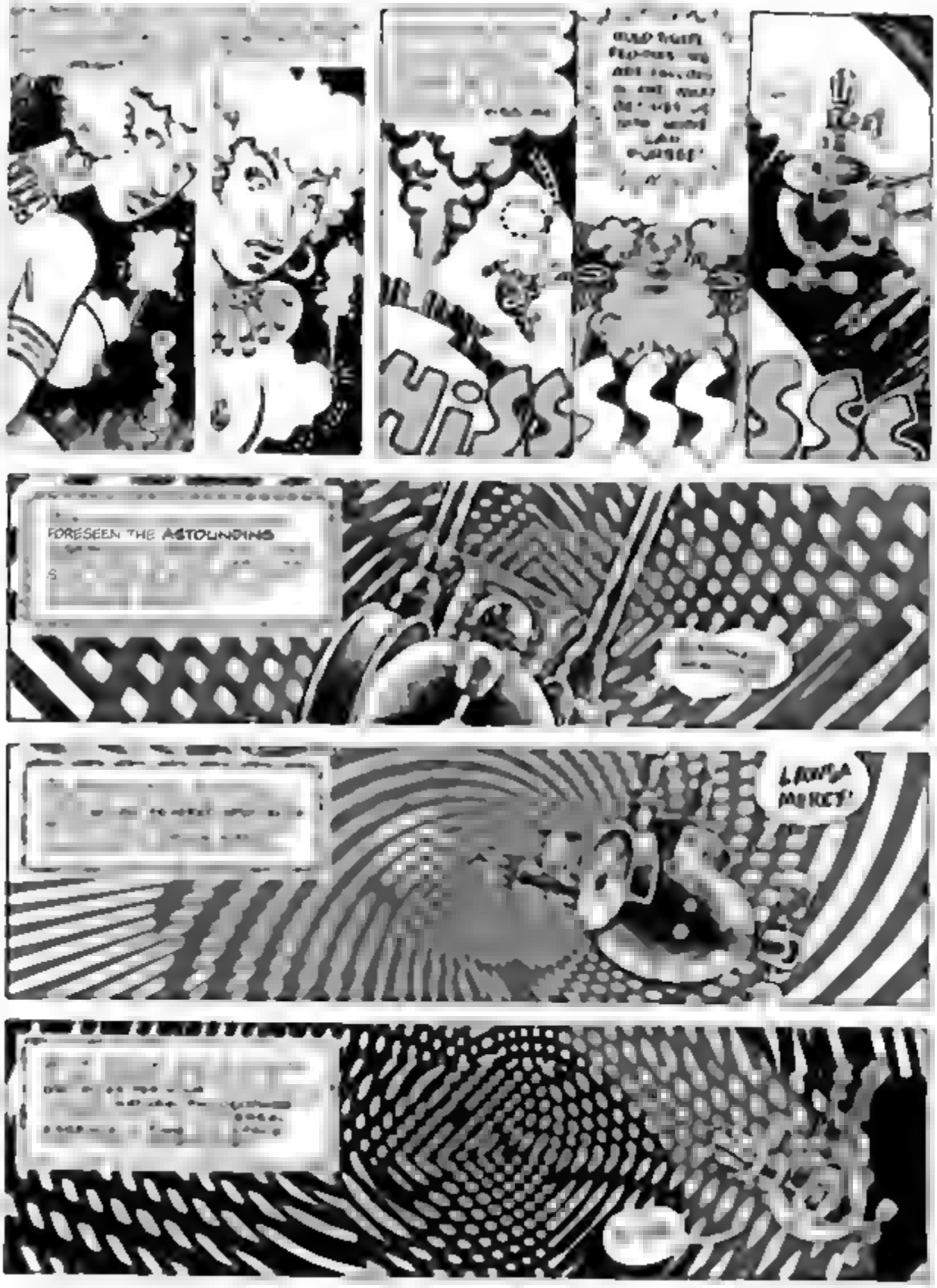
NOW LADS, WE SEEM TO HAVE LANDED IN AN **INOPPORTUNE LOCALE**...
I THINK WE WOULD BE WISE TO AHEM "**PULL UP STAKES**" IF I MAY BE PERMITTED A TENSION RELIEVING **WITTICISM**

WHAT IS HAPPENING?
OH MAN GOD

WHILE THE TWO STALWARTS SPUN ON THEIR HEELS AND MADE FOR THE HATCHWAY OF THE AETHER FLYER. PROFESSOR TH NTWHISTLE REMAINED BEHIND FOR ONE F NAL TASK
TO MAKE SOME SMALL AMENDS, Y WOULD BE WELL TO REMOVE THIS BARB FROM HER TENDER AND OFFENDED BE NG..
SCLOFF-
POP!
AH! AND SO TO CAPTA
HISSS!
PROFESSOR! WE FEARE YOU WERE LOST!
QUICKLY, BOYS! MAKE HASTE AND PREPARE OUR CRAFT FOR A NEW FLIGHT!
WITH A JOLT AND A LURCH, BLACK ANTHRACITE BILLOWING FROM HER TWIN SMOKESTACKS AND GASLIGHT PROVIDING A GHOSTLY ILLUMINATION TO HER DARKENED CABINS, THE ARTHUR BEGAN TO CREEP FORWARD ACROSS THE PINK CREAMY EPIDERMIS OF SELENA, QUEEN OF THE MOON!

WHERE HE'D BEEN PLANTING HIS STAFF HAS BEEN PLAGUED BY MANY POCK MARK HAS BEEN CONSTANTLY ENLARGING
THIS HAS CHANGED FROM A SMALL PUNCTURE TO AN ELONGATED FISSURE THROUGH WHICH THERE ARE ESCAPING FROTHING GASES!
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THAT FISSURE WERE TO BECOME ENLARGED?
HISS!

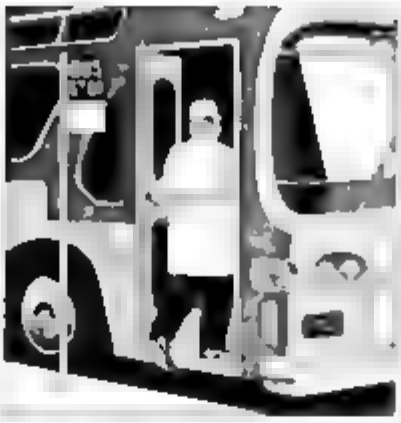
WITH A FINAL GLANCE AT THE EVER-ENLARGING FISSURE THE LEARNED SAGE DIPPED ONE MORE PRAYER AND THREW HIS GEAR LEVER INTO HIGH


FORESEEN THE ASTOUNDING
LAWD A MERCY!

POP!
OH, PROFESSOR MY SENSES EXPIRE! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS STATE IN WHICH WE FIND OURSELVES?
LAWSY, LAWSY! AH SHO AM SKEERED!
FEETS DO YO' DUTY!
HOLD, JEFFERSON!
THERE IS NO PLACE THAT YOUR "FEETS" CAN CARRY YOU NOW
...WHAT WONDERS WE WILL BEHOLD AND WHAT PERILS WE WILL FACE WE CAN BUT GUESS
BUT IN THE MEANTIME THERE IS NAUGHT TO BE GA NED BY GIVING WAY TO HYSTERICS
LADS, I MUST URGE YOU TO BUCK UP AND HOLD ON TO YOUR COURAGE! LET US REMEMBER THAT WE ARE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES!
WE ARE IN NO IMMEDIATE DANGER! N THE MEANTIME ALL THAT IS REQUIRED IS SOME DILIGENT PERSEVERENCE AND CONFIDENCE N A DIVINE PROVIDENCE!
TO BE CONTINUED!

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER

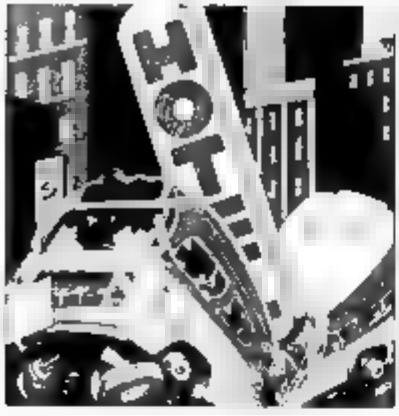


MUZICK by Lou Stathis

[illegible]

[illegible] pose as the spokesmen to voices of their generation, like a Madison Avenue Corporate boardroom that a Progressive Rock Company has signed artists by buying the music and writing the contracts with a supermarket bought guitarist. Stand back, observing with detached wonder as rock has a heart that is also the other. Just a cynical fiction.

The rock audience managed to keep the fantasy alive, though, as much with grumbling and suspicion as with devotion, shouting out with feelings a change for every phase of the fashion goes. That attitude, the way in which the audience has given back to the musicians their fighting spirit, has put rock in a revolutionary position—violence and defiance—and up in struggle with the dark side of the [illegible] suggestion of a new [illegible] which [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



hope here's more where it came from.

Arriving in my possession almost simultaneously are two records of surprising similarity. They are pleasantly complementary, not imitative, and take off in sharply different directions from the same source material; they are both somewhere between EPs and albums: twelve inch 33⅓ RPM discs with about twenty minutes each side. One is the first release from the UK label Postcard, a band called Random Hold, and the other is Phil Manzanera's *Listen Now* and *K Scope* EPs, with a lot of King Crimson and Peter Hammill, who produced the Random Hold record, thrown in. Both records are packaged beautifully in sleeves designed by David Ferguson and guitarist David Rhodes, two immaculate names (though also present is Manzanera/801/Matching Mole bassist Bill MacCormick, a player of flawless technique and versatility). Vocalist Randini Holm sounds suspiciously like *Listen Now*'s Simon Arthur, who buries a [illegible] in the Hammill mould, sporadically well.

Meat is a compressed King Crimson statement, knife edge sharp and surgically precise. The Railroad softens things up nicely by using muted Manzanera textures with some sweet guitar work from Rhodes and good vocalizing by Mr Holm. A ramshackle, in a rather pessimistic take on Television, with some restrained Manzanera/Fripp guitar and an energetic climax pushed by Peter Phipps's solid drumming. An [illegible] and it's over. Side two begins with Felt Music, a melancholy song about loss and lasting memories. The Peter Hammillisms are [illegible] for the [illegible] in melody.

Montgomery Cliff, with measured tempo, slow buildup and a shower of rips. A [illegible] record. I've been playing it some weeks without growing tired of it, and there is more to be found in it on each hearing. The band has also released a single, Incantation, written by Rhodes and MacCormick's brother Iain, that is less musically interesting than the album and extends no further as to the Philip Dick Sidetracks of *Listen Now*'s Law & Order. I look forward to future releases.

From New York comes Material and their album/EP called *Temporary Music 1* on the Zu label (the distributor is Red Records, 628 South Third Street, Philadelphia PA 19147). The producer here is Giorgio Gomelsky, whose history would take more room to recount than I have here. He's been associated with such people as the Yardbirds, Magma, Daevid Allen and Gong, and a slew of others. The engineer is Eddy Offord, who produced some of Yes's best records. Otherwise the band is unknown to me. Cliff Cultrera, Michael Beinhorn, Bill Laswell and Fred Maher (no instrument credits are provided). The record is mostly instrumental and quite good. Heavy rhythmic almost danceable with a right electronics touch and some fluid, snaking guitar. White Man is a humorous disco number with some squeaking rhythm and blues saxophone. On Safari features some interesting use of prepared tapes and voices. Process/Motion is a jazzy number with Manzanera/Quiet Sun overtones. Like the rest of the record it drips with hunky funk and strong progressive rock influences. I'm pleased to see some intelligent energetic rock being made in the USA. There's so damn little music in this country to be proud of.

Consumer Service Section

It occurs to me that many of you people out there might not know where to procure the sort of records I've been talking about here and so I continue to talk about as long as the rest of the world makes better rock than we Americans do (there are some exceptions, of course). If you live in a good sized city there probably is an enlightened record store somewhere in the vicinity (you just gotta look). Or you could prod an already established record store into stocking imports and independent records, as there are distribution networks that the owner of he gives a shit can hook into (the most well known is Jem Records, PO Box 343, South Plainfield, NJ 07080; phone 201 753-6100). Of course the easiest thing to do is make a field trip to New York once a week and stop in at Bleecker Bob's or 179 MacDougal Street, New York NY 10011, just south of Eighth Street. The store has by far the best new wave/import/indie record selection around and it's run by the most endearingly obnoxious guy to eat vinyl for breakfast that you'll ever meet. Bob also has a mail-order catalogue, but he'll send you for three bucks (he'll do *anything* for money), but new things come in almost daily and it is nearly impossible to keep the thing up-to-date. The catalogue does feature a snazzy Bobby London cover (for all you hopeless collectors) and serves as a reference to most of the good records released in the past three years. Get with it, white boys, this is *all* temporary muzick and the time to listen is *now*.

Caveat Emptor: There's a bootleg making the rounds of New York City record stores (as well as appearing in some mail-order ads) that calls itself *Television with Brian Eno*, on the Pentagram label. Now, there are two mistakes/lies (take your pick) in that title: first, Brian is spelled wrong; and second, as far as my head ears can tell Eno is nowhere to be found on this record. There are further similar untruths on the album jacket such as the credits to Eno of vocals and of arrangements (an insult and disservice to Tv's Tom Verlaine) and the mislabeling of the last song on the record, the 13th Floor Elevators' 'Fire Engine' as 'High Voltage Pleasure' with cowriting credit to Eno. Such horseshit. I first saw Television about five years ago, and in the succeeding four years of their existence I saw them perhaps a total of two dozen times. At their best, Television was an intensely emotional experience. Tom Verlaine radiated a fierce aura of tension and frustration, as though struggling through insurmountable resistance to express something of such delicate beauty that it would shatter from his very touch. In Kingdom Come, the traditional set climax came the release of all those barely contained energies packed into Verlaine's frail body. Whew. This album is *perhaps* the demo tapes Eno recorded with the band in 1974. It certainly is the band at an early, primitive stage (no later than '975) and the recording quality is murky at best, sounding at times, like it was done over the phone (a cassette that I made of the band at around the same time is far superior). If you are not a Television fanatic, *keep away*. Save your money; it is *not* an addition to anyone's Eno collection, despite the impression the jacket is calculated to give.

A dark figure runs, bounding through the forest.

A horrible fear drives him beyond the limits of endurance.

Panting, gasping, he does not stop.

Pursued by the unknown, out of sight, he staggers on.

Earlier, Jon Wells sat brooding among the destroying [illegible] for rest. He could ignore his strange and hated situation. He was [illegible] a boundless, innocent thing [illegible] he left with tendrils, nerves. He had

THE SPIRIT OF THE BEAST

AAARRRGH!
C'mon Jack I got it!
Heh, heh, heh. Hey, stop fighting you bitch or you'll go out hard!
Intent on their play, the three men did not see Jon Wulv approach
OOF
THOK
KRAK
BEGONE or I'll kick your god-damned heads in!
Oh thank you. They were going to kill me I'm sure of it
Never mind. I didn't like their looks anyway

As if times weren't hard enough, with the scarcity of food and the land overrun with thieves and cutthroats. Those three were going to do awful things to me and then kill me (SOB)
It's a world of monstrous contrasts. They are nothing but the lowest form of shit. But you are wholesome and beautiful, and yet vulnerable
Who are you? I've never seen you before
I am utterly loathsome, sicker even than those lunks. Listen and I'll tell you about it. My name is Jon Wulv. It's a tale of unending woe. Then I'll ask a favor, which you might grant if you are really grateful.
I am cursed with a hereditary condition. My father was the first similar so afflicted. He was the last of the Krind, a primitive race that once roamed the mountainous Northern forests. The Krind were ruthlessly exterminated by the invading Skygrans.
He was desperate and asked the holy priest for help at the Council of Gods.
The priest foresaw the doom of the Krind. My father then only wished for revenge.
A spell caused our lunar God, Dragon, to enter my father's body and possess it.
He then had the power and the will to destroy the enemies.

"He killed many and they fled our sacred land. But a Stygoran woman tricked him, seduced him ... and slew him. The fearsome seed survived. She began me.

So the spirit of Dragon is within me. During the lunar cycle when the moon is full ... I become a beast like my father.

...ought the moon is full.

Yes. I was seeking aid from a sorceror, but I haven't found him in time.

Please grant me this favor. There is a strong evil yet intact in this tower. Lock me in it now and release me at dawn. I beg you, lest I shed blood.

It is so fantastic but ... well, do as you ask.

...he darkness closed in. All was silent for a while. She heard his breathing become louder and coarser.

Jon... I fear these brutes are waiting for me in the shadows.

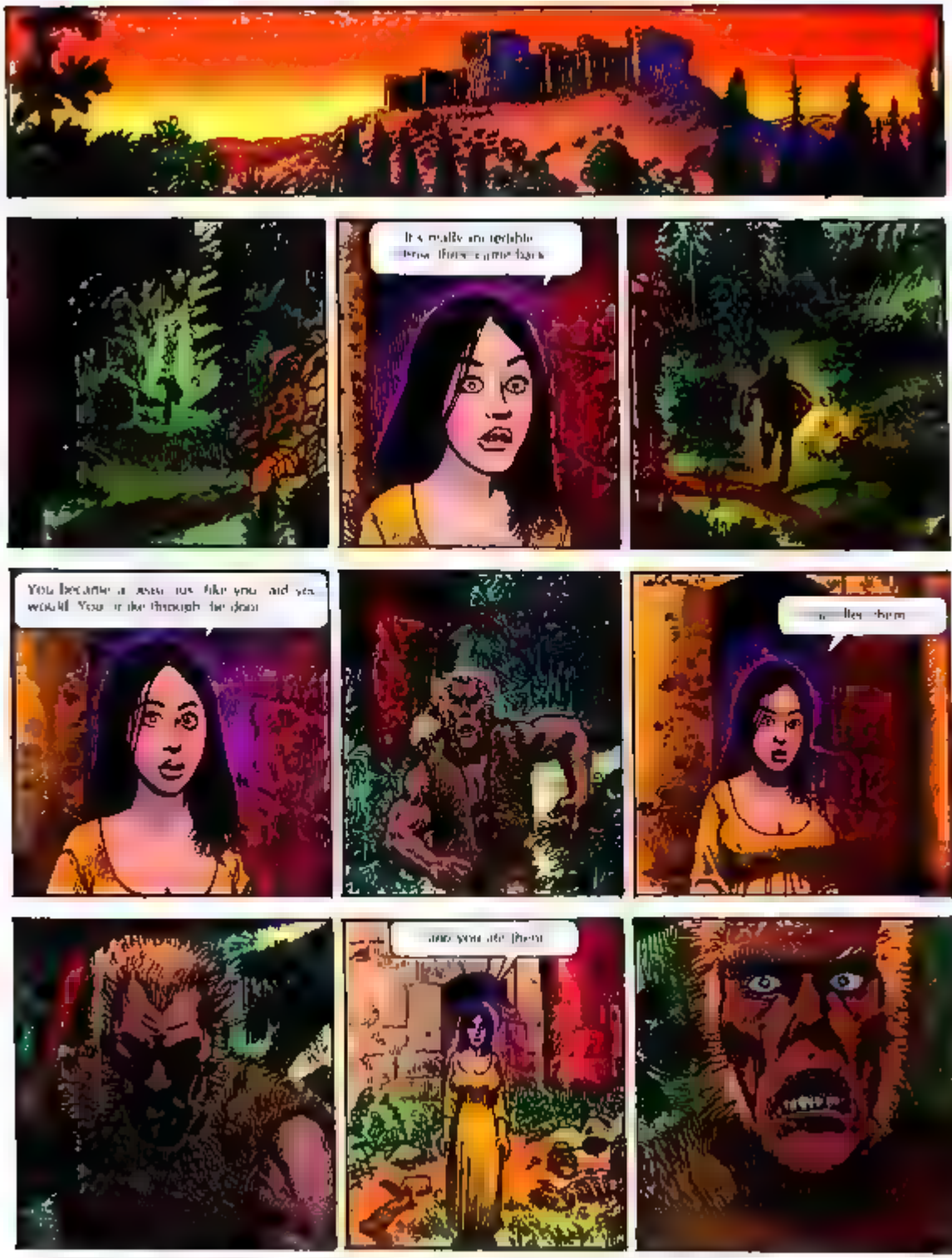
Run away with me, the door is open, you must run swiftly.

Jon, I love you. Let me stay.

QUURRRNATH! BEGONE!

Come! It's dark enough. They're still in the dungeon
I'll repay that, too! OH! My leg is still killing me. Swollen up
heh, heh, heh It'll be sweet work tonight
Ah, there she is, just like I—
AAAH!
BAM BAM BAM
XXAH!

Damn you
you killed
EEEEEEEEEEEEE
BAM
BAM
BAM
NO!
NO NO
PLEASE

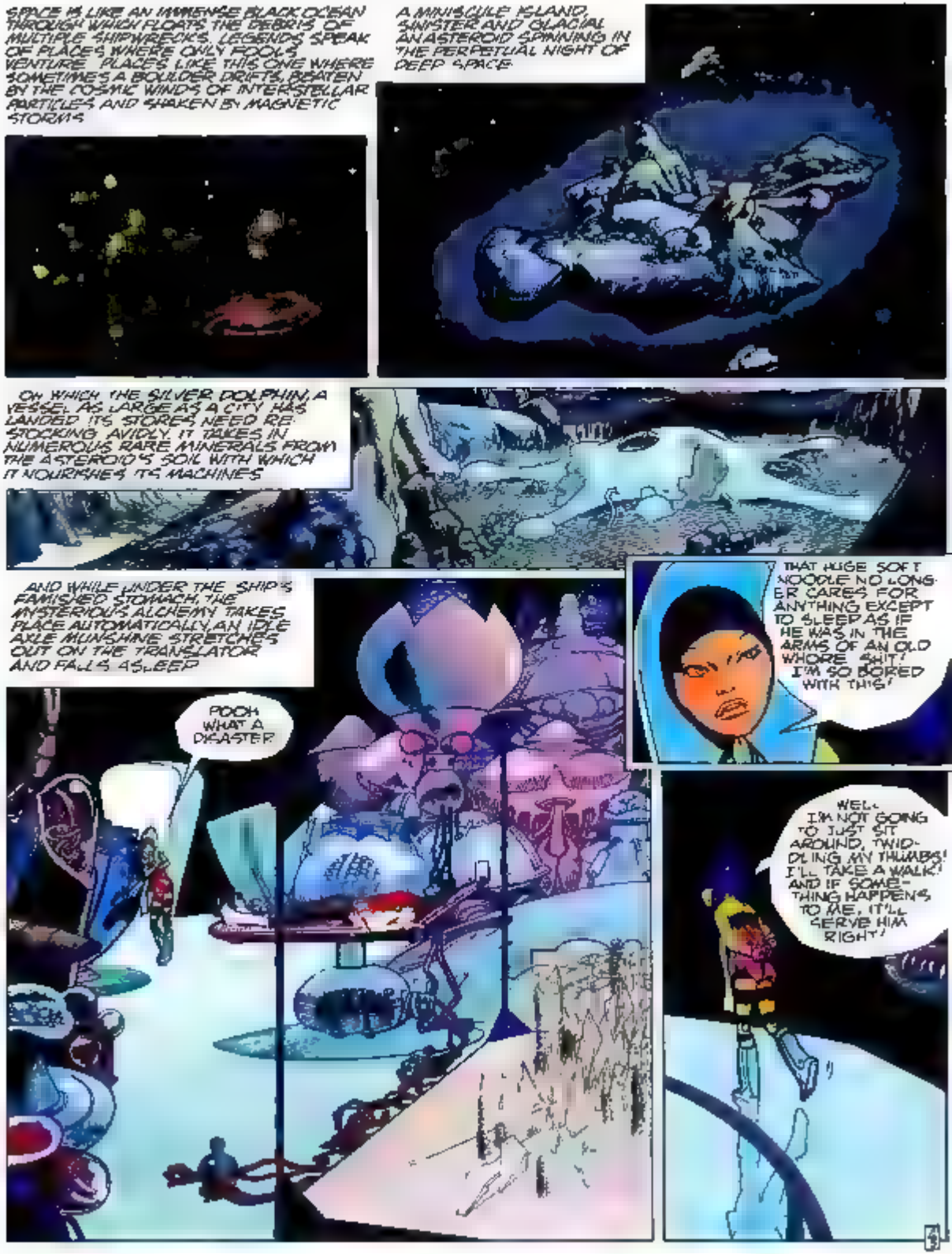

It's really an terrible
You became a beast just like you said you would. You broke through the door!
Where's Dragon?
Where are the others?

ion s[illegible]ions he hypnotizes now gone. Is it all were only a dream? He remembers nothing but a vague sense of violent frenzy. He runs in horror. He runs to escape the spirit of Dragon, but it is always there in his head. There is one odd thing, though. The remains of the bodies showed that they had been roasted over a fire. Werewolves don't cook their victims, do they?

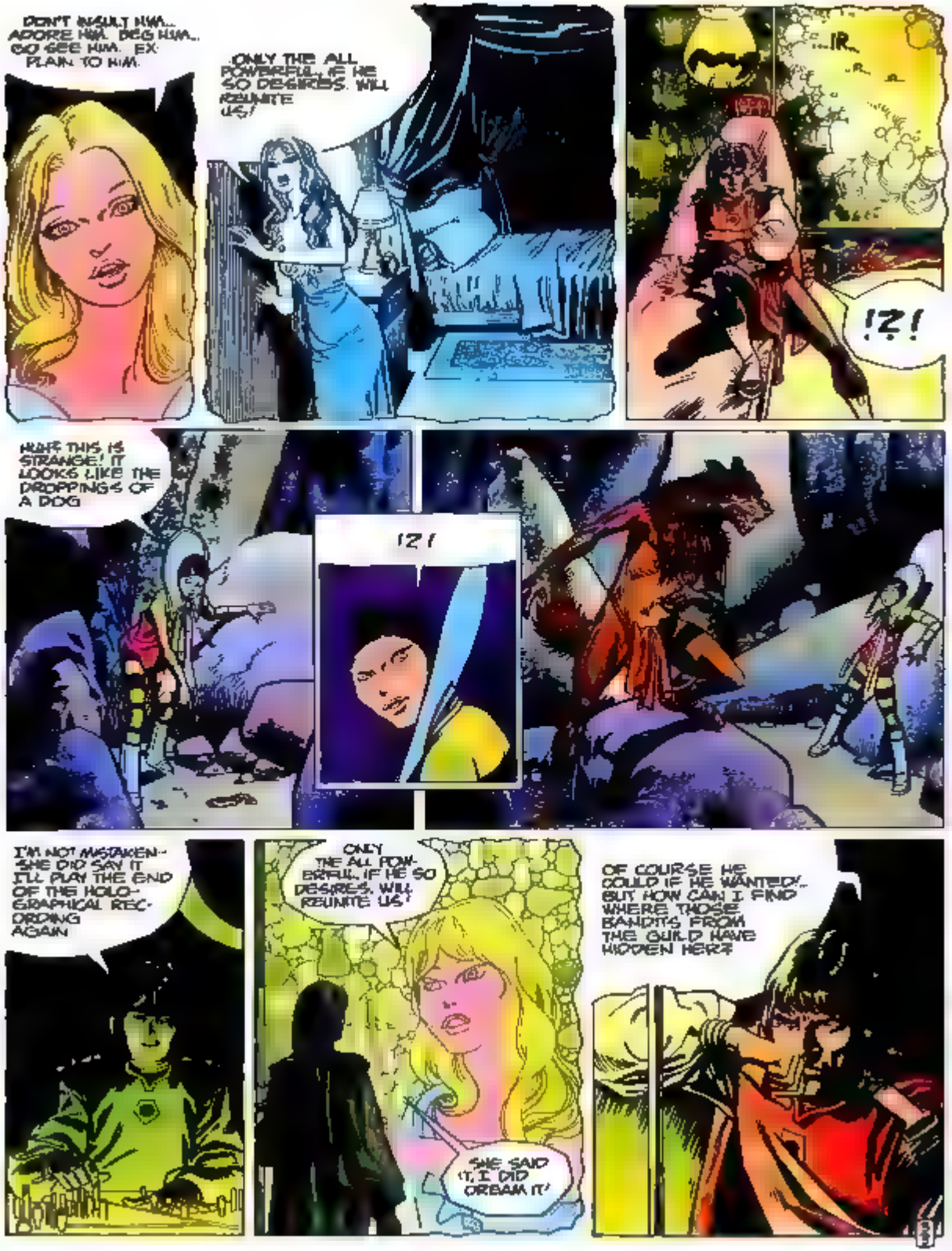
THE END

the alchemist supreme

By godard and rikera


SPACE IS LIKE AN IMMENSE BLACK OCEAN THROUGH WHICH FLOATS THE DEBRIS OF MULTIPLE SHIPWRECKS. LEGENDS SPEAK OF PLACES WHERE ONLY FOOLS VENTURE. PLACES LIKE THIS ONE WHERE SOMETIMES A BOULDER DRIFTS, BEATEN BY THE COSMIC WINDS OF INTERSTELLAR PARTICLES AND SHAKEN BY MAGNETIC STORMS.
A MINUSCULE ISLAND, SINISTER AND GLACIAL AN ASTEROID SPINNING IN THE PERPETUAL NIGHT OF DEEP SPACE.
ON WHICH THE SILVER DOLPHIN, A VESSEL AS LARGE AS A CITY HAS LANDED. ITS STORES NEED RE-STOCKING AVIDLY. IT TAKES IN NUMEROUS RARE MINERALS FROM THE ASTEROID'S SOIL WITH WHICH IT NOURISHES ITS MACHINES.
AND WHILE UNDER THE SHIP'S FAMISHED STOMACH, THE MYSTERIOUS ALCHEMY TAKES PLACE AUTOMATICALLY, AN IDLE AXLE MUNSHINE STRETCHES OUT ON THE TRANSLATOR AND FALLS ASLEEP.
POOH WHAT A DISASTER.
THAT HUGE SOFT NOODLE NO LONGER CARES FOR ANYTHING EXCEPT TO SLEEP AS IF HE WAS IN THE ARMS OF AN OLD WHORE. SHIT! I'M SO BORED WITH THIS!
WELL... I'M NOT GOING TO JUST SIT AROUND, TWIDDLING MY THUMBS! I'LL TAKE A WALK! AND IF SOMETHING HAPPENS TO ME, IT'LL SERVE HIM RIGHT!

OBVIOUSLY BEFORE STICKING MY NOSE OUTSIDE I SHOULD HAVE BEEN PRUDENT- I SHOULD HAVE HAD THE LABOO A CEREBIONICAL SWEEP TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT NOTHING LIVES HERE
BUT WHO'D BE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO WANT TO LIVE ON THIS ROTTEN BOULDER? THERE'S NO SENSE IN BEING THAT PRUDENT
HOWEVER
THE WALL ALWAYS THE WALL WHEREVER MY STEPS TAKE ME, THE WALL IS ALWAYS THERE
CHIMEER I KNOW THAT YOU ARE IN THERE ON THE OTHER SIDE, VERY CLOSE. I CAN HEAR YOUR BREATHING I KNOW THE SMELL OF YOUR HAIR AND IN MY MOUTH, THE TASTE OF YOUR TEARS
I AM HERE
I'M LOSING HOPE THIS IS TOO HARD AND I'VE USED UP ALL MY STRENGTH AND TIME IS PASSING BY O GOD OF DESPAIR AND HATE WHY PUT UP SUCH A RAMPART BETWEEN HER AND ME?

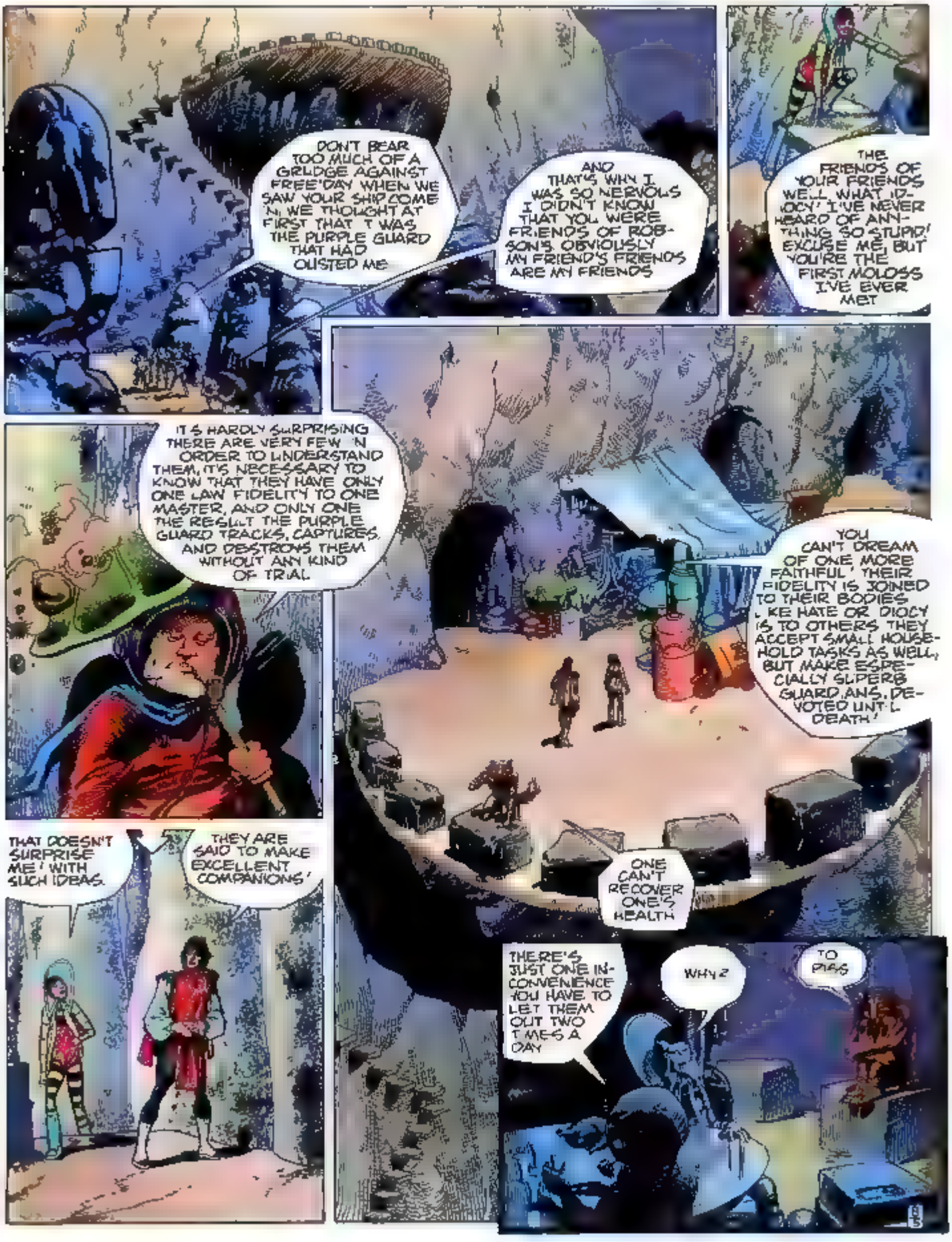

DON'T INSULT HIM... ADORE HIM. BEG HIM... GO SEE HIM. EXPLAIN TO HIM.
ONLY THE ALL POWERFUL, IF HE SO DESIRES, WILL REUNITE US!
...IR...
!?!
HUH? THIS IS STRANGE! IT LOOKS LIKE THE DROPPINGS OF A DOG
!?!
I'M NOT MISTAKEN-- SHE DID SAY IT I'LL PLAY THE END OF THE HOLOGRAPHICAL RECORDING AGAIN
ONLY THE ALL POWERFUL, IF HE SO DESIRES, WILL REUNITE US!
SHE SAID IT, I DID DREAM IT!
OF COURSE HE COULD IF HE WANTED!.. BUT HOW CAN I FIND WHERE THOSE BANDITS FROM THE GUILD HAVE HIDDEN HER?

AXLE! STOP PLAYING WITH YOUR IMBECILIC TOY AND LISTEN TO ME! YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT I JUST SAW!
I GIVE UP
I SAW A CLEBS IN THE RAVINE.
A CLEBS?
WELL, NOT EXACTLY A CLEBS HE WAS HALF DOG ON TOP AND HALF HUMAN ON THE BOTTOM. I WOULD HAVE PREFERRED THE REVERSE, BELIEVE ME! IF YOU HAD SEEN ITS FANGS!
A MOLOSS HERE?! COULD IT BE THE ALL POWERFUL GIVING ME A SIGN?
HUH? WHAT DID HE SAY? WHAT'S A MOLOSS?
LITTLE CLOWN, YOU AND I ARE GOING OUT THERE. IT'S ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY THAT I FIND HIM AND TALK TO HIM.
THAT GUY DIDN'T HAVE A HEAD FOR CONVERSATION AND YOU STILL HAVEN'T EXPLAINED... WHAT'S A MOLOSS?
SHOW ME THE WAY, AND LET'S HURRY! I'LL EXPLAIN IT TO YOU LATER.

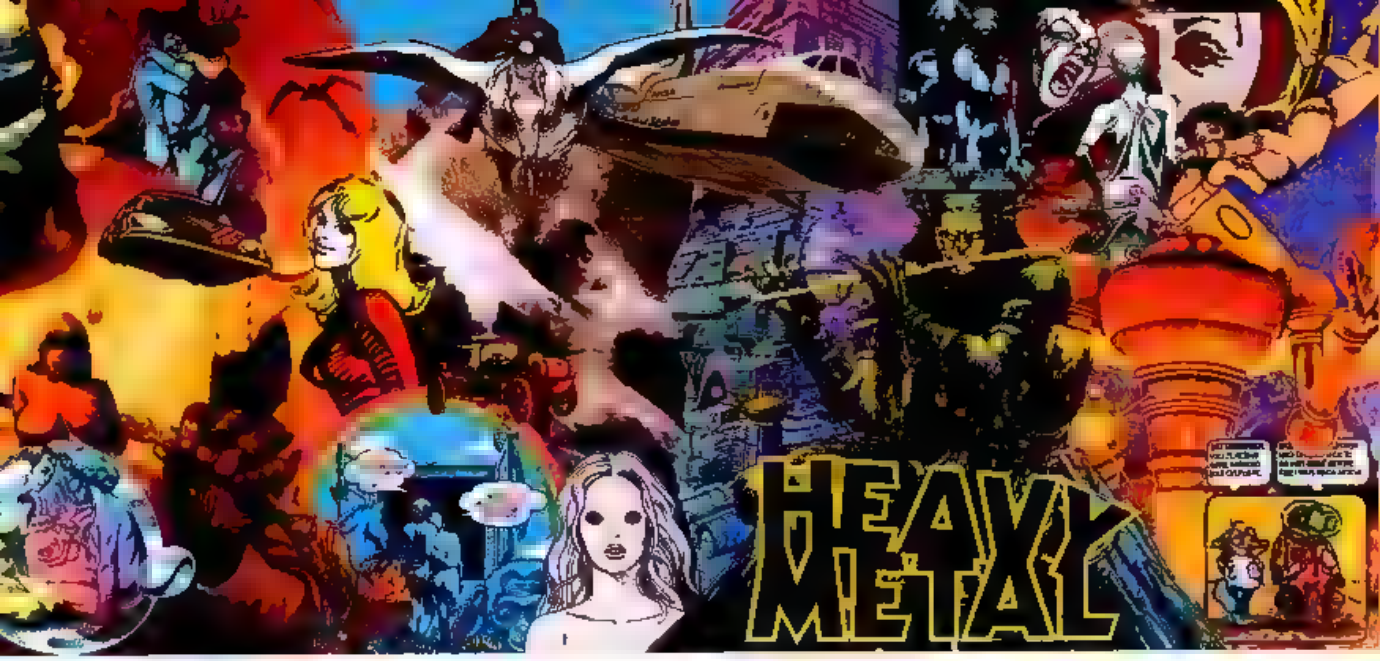
IT WAS OVER THERE
THAT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME - THERE ARE TRACES OF LIFE HERE
ANYWAY, THE MOLOSSES NEVER LIVE ALONE
YOU AND YOUR TRACES OF LIFE. YOU MAKE ME LAUGH! JUST HOW DO YOU PLAN TO FIND THE BEAST?
IT'S NOT COMPLICATED MOLOSSES DON'T LIKE TO HAVE THEIR TERRITORY INVADED AS SOON AS WE'VE CROSSED OVER THE BORDER HE'LL ATTACK US
THE MAIN THING IS TO KNOW WHEN WE CROSS IT. WHERE IS THIS DAMNED BORDER?
YOU'VE JUST CROSSED IT, PAL!
LISTEN, MY BOY! WHY GET UPSET? WE'RE NOT YOUR MASTER'S ENEMIES. I CAME TO TALK TO YOU! TO YOU!
OMIGOD! WHAT A JAW HE HAS!
GROAAAR!!!
PLAGUE TAKE YOU, WILD DOG!

GRAAAR
RAGROAARR
SHOOT, AXLE, SHOOT! YOU CAN TALK AFTERWARDS!
GRRR
PLOK
HOW CLUMSY YOU CAN BE SOMETIMES!
EXCUSE ME FOR ENTERING YOUR MASTER'S HOUSE WITHOUT PERMISSION MY BOY! THERE! IS IT CLEAR? I COME AS A FRIEND!
AS A FRIEND? ARMED? !? BLASTED JOKER!
GROOAARR
GRRR
THE ANIMAL IS ENRAGED!
AND I CAN'T GET AT THIS CURSED POP GUN!
MUSKY! DO SOMETHING! HE, HE'S GOING TO END UP SLAUGHTERING ME!
IF ONLY HE COULD HOLD STILL A MINUTE
GET DOWN, FREE! DAY! DOWN, I SAY!
2!2

ARE YOU SURE? YOU CAN'T TRUST WILD PEOPLE ROBSON
DON'T ARGUE BE GOOD
OOOOH OKAY! IT'S NOT WORTH PUSHING, I GUESS. I ONLY WANTED TO SCARE HIM! I BARELY BIT HIM AND HE WAS ARMED
LEAVE US ALONE THEN DOG! AT LAST WE HAVE VISITORS
ZOBSON? HE DID SAY ROBSON?
HE DI HE L AXL F
BUT OF COURSE IT'S YOU! ROBSO. YOU OLD FOOL. IT'S REALLY YOU
IN THE FLESH. MY BOY
GRRRRR! WHAT A GREE NG
I WOULD BE BETTER TO AVOID EF FUSIVENESS HE'S A LITTLE EALOUS
YOU SHOULD TEACH HIM GOOD MANNERS
SPEAKING OF GOOD MANNERS, MUSKY I WANT YOU TO MEET ROBSON KRUZ HOEY, MY BEST FRIEND FROM THE TIME WHEN WE WERE STUDENT PILOTS. A RENEGADE LIKE ME NOW, AND ONE WHOM THE GUILD ALSO SEEKS
THERE'S NO NEED TO BE FORMAL ABOUT T


DON'T BEAR TOO MUCH OF A GRUDGE AGAINST FREE'DAY WHEN WE SAW YOUR SHIP COME IN, WE THOUGHT AT FIRST THAT T WAS THE PURPLE GUARD THAT HAD OUSTED ME
AND THAT'S WHY I WAS SO NERVOUS I DIDN'T KNOW THAT YOU WERE FRIENDS OF ROB-SON'S. OBVIOUSLY MY FRIEND'S FRIENDS ARE MY FRIENDS
THE FRIENDS OF YOUR FRIENDS WELL, WHAT ID-IOCY! I'VE NEVER HEARD OF ANY-THING SO STUPID! EXCUSE ME, BUT YOU'RE THE FIRST MOLOSS I'VE EVER MET
IT'S HARDLY SURPRISING THERE ARE VERY FEW 'N ORDER TO UNDERSTAND THEM, IT'S NECESSARY TO KNOW THAT THEY HAVE ONLY ONE LAW: FIDELITY TO ONE MASTER, AND ONLY ONE THE RESULT: THE PURPLE GUARD TRACKS, CAPTURES, AND DESTROYS THEM WITHOUT ANY KIND OF TRIAL
YOU CAN'T DREAM OF ONE MORE FAITHFUL! THEIR FIDELITY IS JOINED TO THEIR BODIES LIKE HATE OR IDIOCY IS TO OTHERS. THEY ACCEPT SMALL HOUSE-HOLD TASKS AS WELL, BUT MAKE ESPE-CIALLY SUPERB GUARDIANS, DE-VOTED UNTIL DEATH!
THAT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME! WITH SUCH IDEAS.
THEY ARE SAID TO MAKE EXCELLENT COMPANIONS!
ONE CAN'T RECOVER ONE'S HEALTH
THERE'S JUST ONE IN-CONVENIENCE YOU HAVE TO LET THEM OUT TWO TIMES A DAY
WHY?
TO PISS

COME, AXLE! DRINK THE CUP OF FRIENDSHIP AND TALK A BIT TO YOUR OLD FRIEND. WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR IN THESE HOSTILE REGIONS?
GOD!
GOD? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, GOD? ARE YOU SPEAKING OF THE SUPREME ALCHEMIST?
CALL HIM WHAT YOU WILL. WHAT DOES IT MATTER! YOU UNDERSTAND ME I WANT TO MEET HIM IN PERSON!
MEET THE ALL POWERFUL? COME ON, AXLE! WHO STILL BELIEVES THAT NONSENSE. THOSE WORN-OUT IDEAS. THOSE CHILDISH FABLES?
THEY'RE COMPLETELY OUTDATED
THOSE AREN'T CHILDISH FABLES, FRIEND OF MY FRIEND'S FR'END. THE VERY HIGH EXISTS
SURE, CHARLIE!
AN BRAVE MOLOSS OF FATHER, PEACE TO HIS SOUL! OFTEN HE TOLD ME ABOUT IT WHEN I WAS STILL A YOUNG, INEXPERIENCED, AND TEASING MOLASS (*) IN HIS YOUTH HE HAD A RELATIONSHIP BRIEF IS TRUE, BUT TUMULTUOUS, WITH A CHANCE GIRL FRIEND WHOSE DISTANT COUSIN BY MARRIAGE WAS A PART OF OF
OF?
THE GREAT PACK!
MOLASS MAN-PUPPY
TO BE CONTINUED.



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL, 1977: The Collector's Edition with the debut of Moebius's Arzach, Corben's Den, Bode's Sunpot, and more ($5.00)

#2/MAY 1977: Russian surrealists Pogen the paranoid puppet "Conquering Armies," the cinematic rock festival, and more ($4.00)

#3/JUNE, 1977: Mezzo's Rockabilly, the highly praised Shelly, the beginning of Dimi's "Worlds Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bode, more ($3.00)

#4/JULY, 1977: Lots of Moebius: Arzach, plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow," and the final installment of "Sunpot" ($3.00)

#5/AUGUST, 1977: The saga of Phobos begins: "The Long Tomorrow" continues, and "The World Apart" and "Den" continue ($3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Roger Zelazny has a short story, Moebius's space opera continues, more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius" ($3.00)

#7/OCTOBER, 1977: Fantasy: Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Arzach/Cargo," "Den," and "Polonius," plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow" ($3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER, 1977: New Human Edition fiction, nine color pages by Moebius, and Richard concludes for "Polonius" and "World Apart" ($3.00)

#9/DECEMBER, 1977: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz" by Druillet. Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and "When" plus full-color conclusions from Corben, Mezzo, Caravello, and Moebius ($3.00)

#10/JANUARY 1978: Monroe (Barbarella, Zeppelin, Lob, and Richard) update Mystere. "Conquering Armies" concludes. "Den" continues ($3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY 1978: New adventures of Barbarella, embellishment cover and center spread by Moebius, plus Moebius, Corben, et al. ($3.00)

#12/MARCH, 1978: Bedshocking Orion, Mezzo's debut, Fantasy by Kirby, Monroe, and more's more. Barbarella, Mezzo, Jodo, and Heavy Den ($3.00)

#13/APRIL, 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from Paradox 9, and Barbarella grows with while Den wraps it up ($3.00)

#14/MAY, 1978: Jam the Mad waves bye-bye, Sub Orion and Gargoyle continue, and Alex Nino tops the rest ($3.00)

#15/JUNE, 1978: Corben introduces Shelly-sized Sturgeon's classic story "Then Human" is illustrated. Plus "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heliman" ($3.00)

#16/JULY, 1978: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "Heliman," the resurrection of Druillet's "Gloi," yet more "Heliman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights" ($3.00)

#17/AUGUST 1978: Sorry—SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER, 1978: Corben's "Birdbeg," Moebius's "Major Heliman," "Orion," "Lone Sloane on Gail," and Harlan Ellison too ($3.00)

#19/OCTOBER, 1978: Exterminator 17, Elson's mutilated "Chess Goblin," the debut of Mokia's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus the usual ($3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER, 1978: Twenty pages of the Death/Chaykin "Empire," more "Birdbeg," "Exterminator," Major Grubon Heliman's final rebirth, more ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER, 1978: The stocking is full with Orion, Krichner's "Tarot," and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY, 1979: Time melting her debut here, and Druillet concludes "Gloi," plus Mokia and Corben. How much can you take? ($3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: Galactic Geographic, Starcrown, Corben's "Birdbeg," Mokia's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo ($3.00)

#24/MARCH, 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin mustering Baxter's "The Stars My Destination," Starcrown II, and Ellison's tale prose ($3.00)

#25/APRIL, 1979: Our second birthday bash with Chaykin's "Gideon Faust," and "Alien" portfolio, Val Mayerik's "Time Out," more ($3.00)

#26/MAY, 1979: It's all American (except for Druillet's "Deus," and a Proust joke). Mixed entries including Corben, Mignola, the illustrated "Alien" ($3.00)

#27/JUNE, 1979: Fifty-four pages of "Captain Future," plus more illustrated "Alien," and the final episode of "So Beautiful and So Dangerous" ($3.00)

#28/JULY 1979: Bode's "Zoetis," premiere Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Ploog debuts ($3.00)

#29/AUGUST, 1979: Caza steps the show with "New Art City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bode, more ($3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER, 1979: "Time," "Buck Rogers," a third retired Elric and "Little Red V-2," alongside Mignola and Moebius ($3.00)

#31/OCTOBER, 1979: Halloween comes with a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Druillet, Suydam, others ($3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER, 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's "Rawl," Bode's "Zoetis," Brunner's "Enc," Chaykin's "Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more ($3.00)

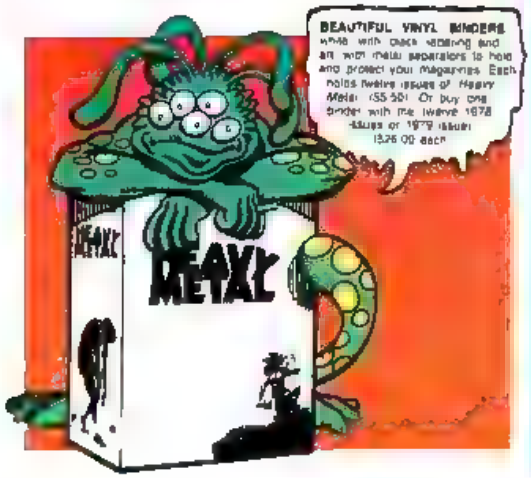
#33/DECEMBER, 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kelosett, Suydam, Steve Fong, Moebius, and Ellison plus Gnomes and "Gens" ($3.00)

#34/JANUARY, 1980: A new year—a new decade—begins with a new look for "HM" with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, the conclusion of Corben's "Rawl," and much more! ($3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An extra Corben cover adorns the small issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, Mokia Experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip ($3.00)

#36/MARCH, 1980: Why did The Crevasse kill Jeannette? For the answer read the Schuster Bros. story! Plus Corben, Mignola, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vampire" ($3.00)

#37/APRIL, 1980: Our Third Anniversary issue — 52 pages of Chamberlain in living color, the final installment of Moebius's "Arzach/Cargo," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bode — and more! ($3.00)


BEAUTIFUL VINYL BINDERS
made with black vellum and are with metal separators to hold and protect your magazines. Each holds twelve issues of Heavy Metal! $5.50! Or buy one bright with the twelve 1978 issues or 1979 issues! $6.25.00 each
HEAVY METAL

HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM 580
635 Madison Avenue
New York N Y 10022

Please send me the following.

No. of copies	Issue	Price
	Apr 1977	$5.00
	May 1977	$4.00
	June 1977	$3.00
	July 1977	$3.00
	Aug 1977	$3.00
	Sept 1977	$3.00
	Oct 1977	$3.00
	Nov 1977	$3.00
	Dec 1977	$3.00
	Jan 1978	$3.00
	Feb 1978	$3.00
	Mar 1978	$3.00
	Apr 1978	$3.00
	May 1978	$3.00
	June 1978	$3.00
	July 1978	$3.00
	Aug 1978	$3.00
	Sept 1978	$3.00
	Oct 1978	$3.00
	Nov 1978	$3.00
	Dec 1978	$3.00
	Jan 1979	$3.00
	Feb 1979	$3.00
	Mar 1979	$3.00
	Apr 1979	$3.00
	May 1979	$3.00
	June 1979	$3.00
	July 1979	$3.00
	Aug 1979	$3.00
	Sept 1979	$3.00
	Oct 1979	$3.00
	Nov 1979	$3.00
	Dec 1979	$3.00
	Jan 1980	$3.00
	Feb 1980	$3.00
	Mar 1980	$3.00
	Apr 1980	$3.00
	Binder	$6.50
	Binder with 1978 issues	$25 plus $1 postage and handling
	Binder with 1979 issues	$25 plus $1 postage and handling

I've enclosed a total of $ _____

This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling. All issues are mailed in protective covering.

Name _____

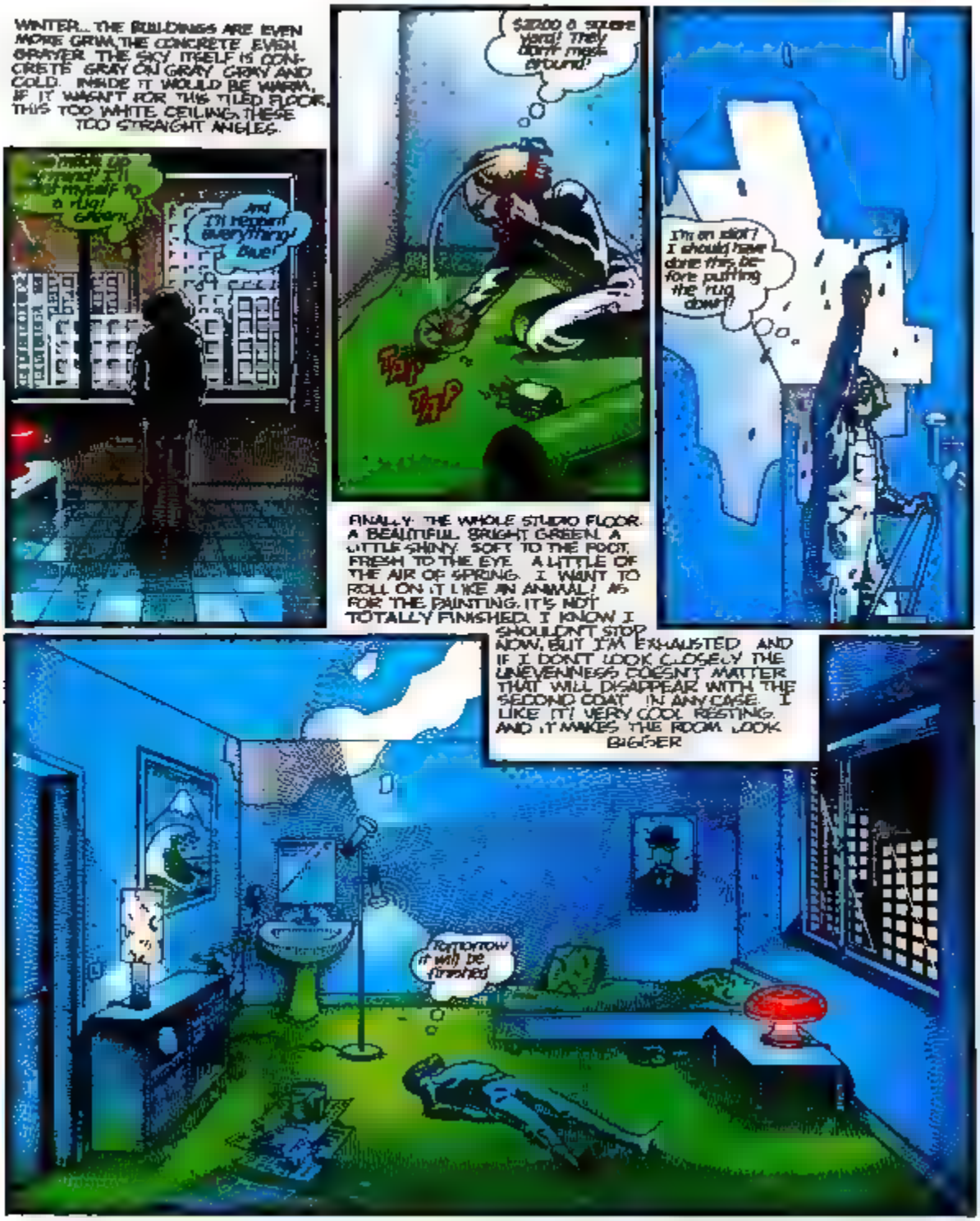
Address _____

City _____

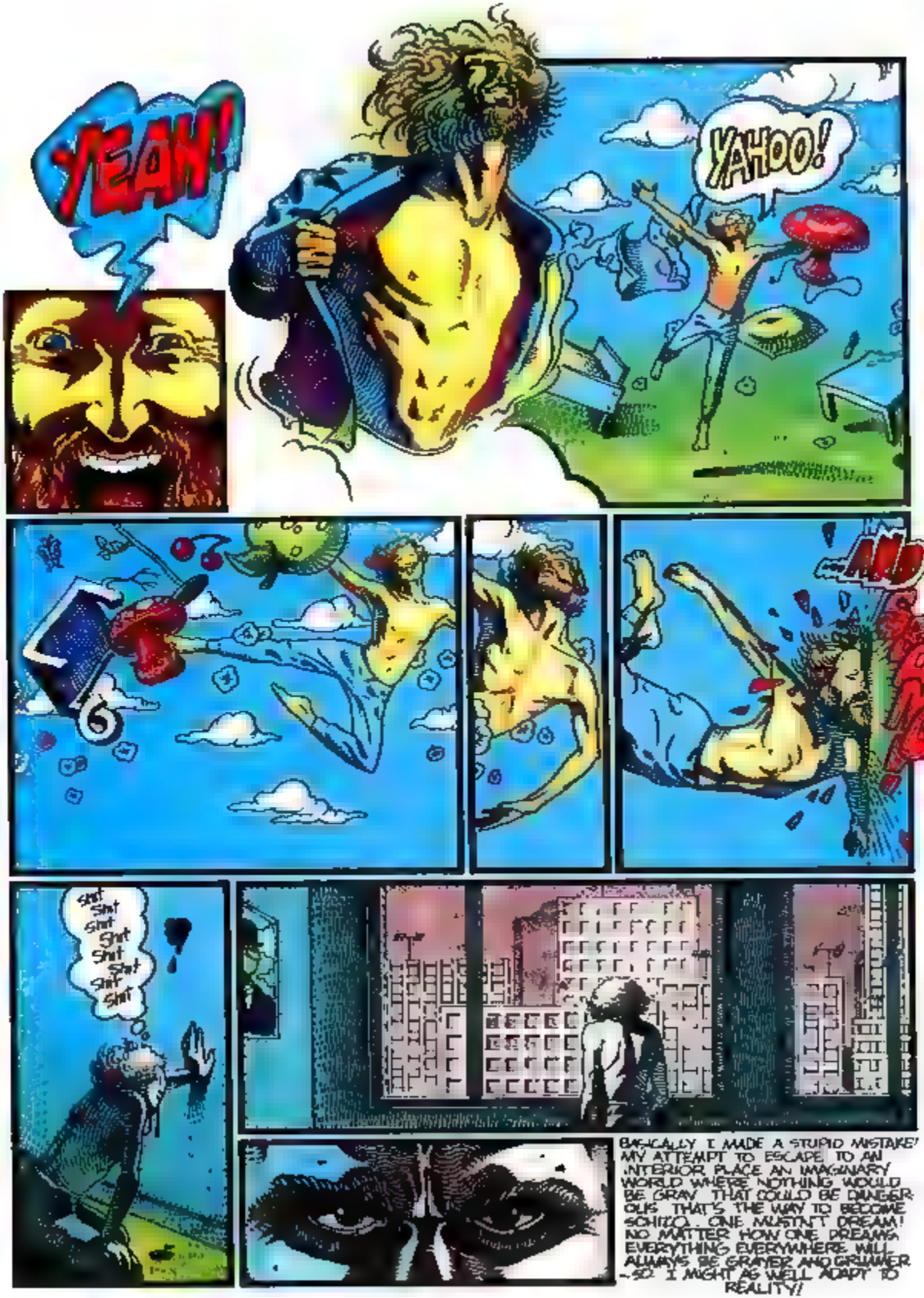
State _____ Zip _____

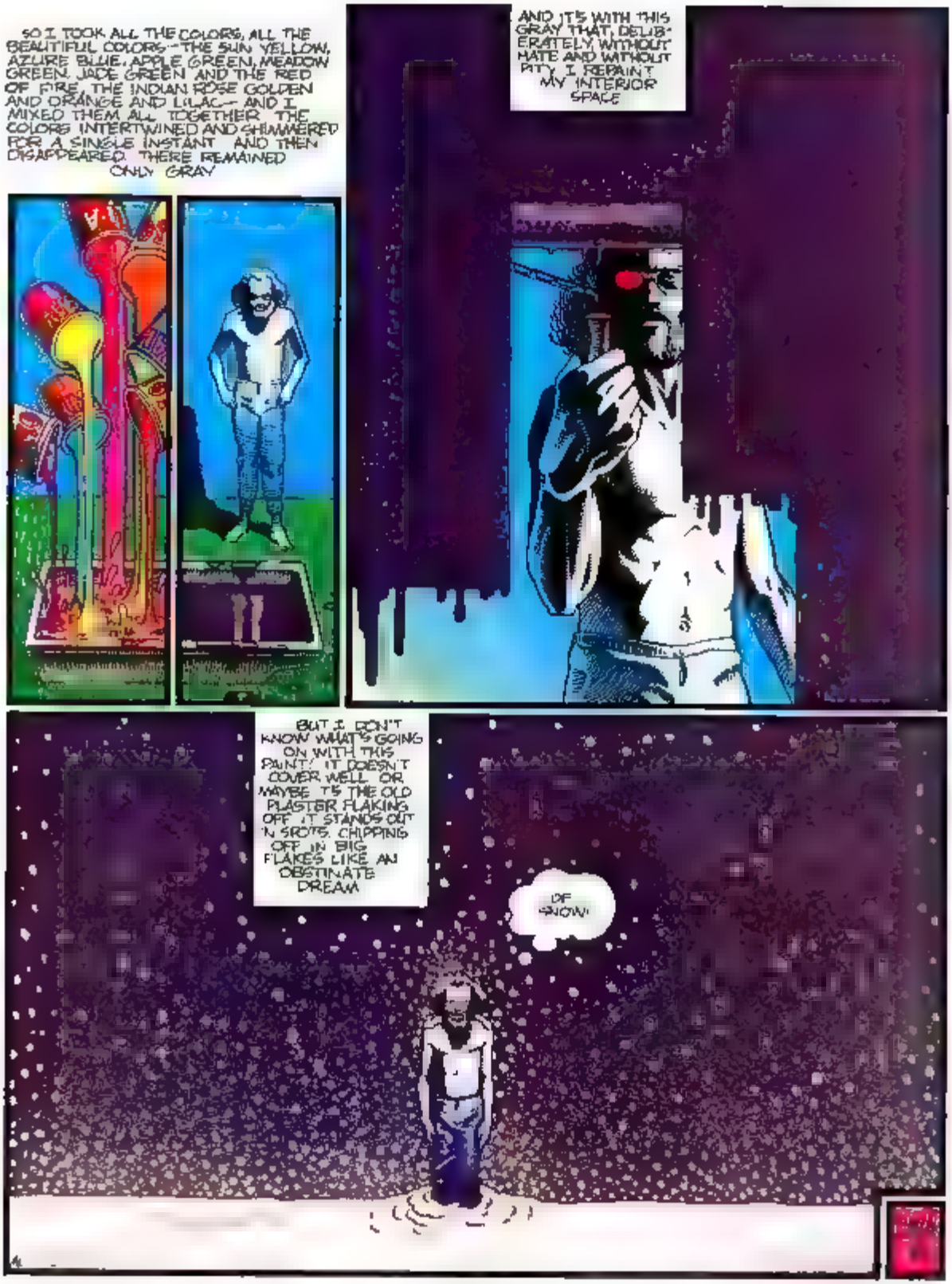
If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, just do what to order, please print or type all necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

Suburban Scenes: December
by Caza


WINTER... THE BUILDINGS ARE EVEN MORE GRIM, THE CONCRETE EVEN GRAYER. THE SKY ITSELF IS CONCRETE GRAY ON GRAY GRAY AND COLD. INSIDE IT WOULD BE WARM, IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS TILED FLOOR, THIS TOO WHITE CEILING, THESE TOO STRAIGHT ANGLES.
Inside it's warm! I'll glue myself to a rug! Green!
And I'll repaint everything! Blue!
$3200 a square yard! They don't make 'em round!
Trap Trap!
I'm an idiot! I should have done this before putting the rug down!
FINALLY: THE WHOLE STUDIO FLOOR. A BEAUTIFUL, BRIGHT GREEN. A LITTLE SHINY. SOFT TO THE FOOT, FRESH TO THE EYE. A LITTLE OF THE AIR OF SPRING. I WANT TO ROLL ON IT LIKE AN ANIMAL! AS FOR THE PAINTING, IT'S NOT TOTALLY FINISHED. I KNOW I SHOULDN'T STOP NOW, BUT I'M EXHAUSTED AND IF I DON'T LOOK CLOSELY THE UNEVENNESS DOESN'T MATTER THAT WILL DISAPPEAR WITH THE SECOND COAT. IN ANY CASE, I LIKE IT! VERY COOL RESTING, AND IT MAKES THE ROOM LOOK BIGGER
Tomorrow it will be finished

WOW!
Cousins'?
WAAH
?
THAT


YEAH!
YAHOO!
6
AHH
Shit Shit Shit Shit Shit Shit Shit Shit
BASICALLY I MADE A STUPID MISTAKE! MY ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE TO AN INTERIOR PLACE AN IMAGINARY WORLD WHERE NOTHING WOULD BE GRAY THAT COULD BE DANGEROUS THAT'S THE WAY TO BECOME SCHIZO. ONE MUSTN'T DREAM! NO MATTER HOW ONE DREAMS EVERYTHING EVERYWHERE WILL ALWAYS BE GRAYER AND GRAYER -SO I MIGHT AS WELL ADAPT TO REALITY!


SO I TOOK ALL THE COLORS, ALL THE BEAUTIFUL COLORS--THE SUN YELLOW, AZURE BLUE, APPLE GREEN, MEADOW GREEN, JADE GREEN AND THE RED OF FIRE, THE INDIAN ROSE GOLDEN AND ORANGE AND LILAC-- AND I MIXED THEM ALL TOGETHER THE COLORS INTERTWINED AND SHIMMERED FOR A SINGLE INSTANT AND THEN DISAPPEARED. THERE REMAINED ONLY GRAY
AND IT'S WITH THIS GRAY THAT, DELIBERATELY, WITHOUT HATE AND WITHOUT PITY, I REPAINT MY INTERIOR SPACE
BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON WITH THIS PAINT! IT DOESN'T COVER WELL. OR MAYBE IT'S THE OLD PLASTER FLAKING OFF. IT STANDS OUT IN SPOTS, CHIPPING OFF IN BIG FLAKES LIKE AN OBSTINATE DREAM
OF SNOW!

The Best Stories from Five Years of Star★Reach Magazine

STAR★REACH GREATEST HITS

Featuring Elric of Melniboné by Michael Moorcock and artist Frank Brunner . . . .

A lengthy 20-page story in full color!

Softcover 120 pages 8¼ x 11 $6.95

Plus nine more graphic stories by the finest artists in comics:

Dreamtime by Frank Brunner
I Am God by Dave Sim & Fabio Gaalaart
My Fears by Jeff Barbieri
Prisoner of Pain-Tong another Elric tale by Two-Man Horde
Cady Starbuck by Howard Chaykin
Warlock Warhead, Warlock Supplement by Mike Gilbert
Skywalker by Steve Englehart & Mike Vosburg
Reincarnation by Mike Vosburg
Writers of Requital by Lee Marrs

OUR BIGGEST CATALOG YET!

BUD PLANT specializes in comics, science fiction and fantasy . . . with over 1,000 books, posters, portfolios and magazines.

Forty-eight full pages, descriptions and illustrations of many unique and fascinating publications.

Satisfying fantasy fans and mail order customers for ten years!

Send check or money order to
BUD PLANT, INC.
PO Box 1886 Grass Valley, CA 95945

☐ Please rush me _____ copies of Star-Reach Greatest Hits at $7.50 per copy ($6.95 + 55¢ postage). I understand you'll include for free the Fantasy and Comic Art catalog. Calif. residents, add 42¢ per copy sales tax.

☐ Please send catalog only. I enclose $1 (refundable with first order).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

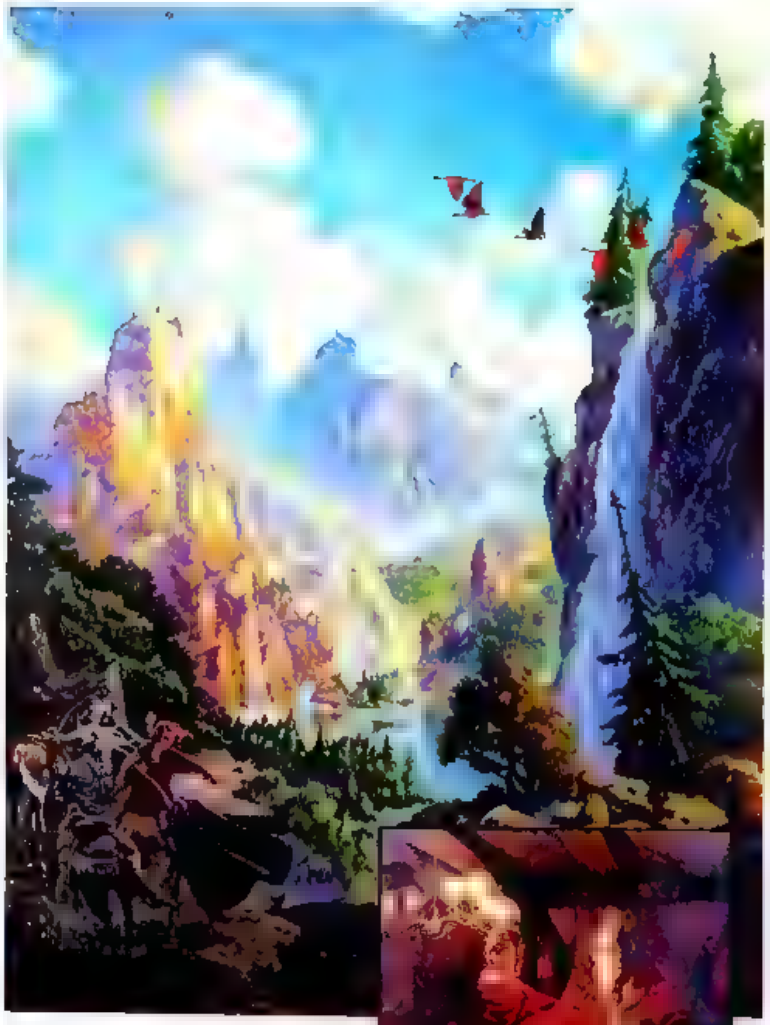
Zip _____

GALLERY SECTION: NEW BOOKS

Some excellent books have come out since we last had the opportunity to run the Gallery Herewith, a few glimpses of Syd Mead's *Sentinel*, the *Tolkien Bestiary*, *Dan Dare*, *Elfspire*, and *The Studio* Enjoy

Sentinel

For more than twenty years Syd Mead had been perched on the cutting edge of industrial design. Always looking to the future, Mead's designs (for Ford Motor Company, U.S. Steel, and others) have a hardheaded practicality while his renderings cannot be regarded as anything less than beautiful art. Dragon's Dream has brought together the first comprehensive collection of Mead's work in *Sentinel*, with text commentary by Stephen McMinn.



Elfspire

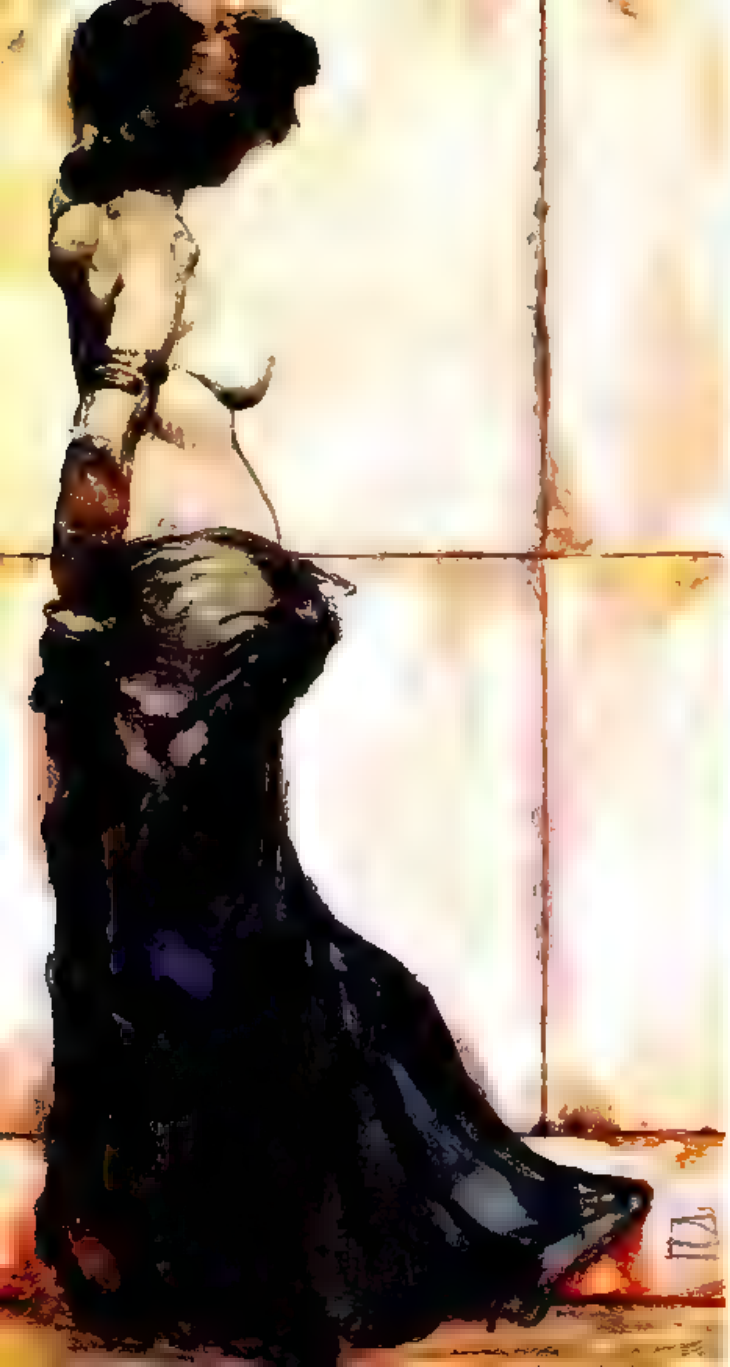
John Pocsik (whose *Starcrown* was serialized here a year ago) has written in *Elfspire* a fantasy novel that is being compared with Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*. The novel, published by Ariel Books (and distributed by Simon & Schuster), is lavishly illustrated in the classic tradition, with over sixty black-and-white drawings and nine oil paintings by Thomas Blackshear, making one of the most handsome fantasy books of the year.

A Tolkien Bestiary

One of the most unusual of the books relating to Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* is David Day's *A Tolkien Bestiary*. A scholarly (but not dry) compendium of 129 separate races of creatures to be found in Tolkien's works, the book includes maps, chronologies, genealogies and is sumptuously illustrated by eleven artists, in both black-and-white and color shown here are details from illustrations by Allen Curless (above) and Ian Miller

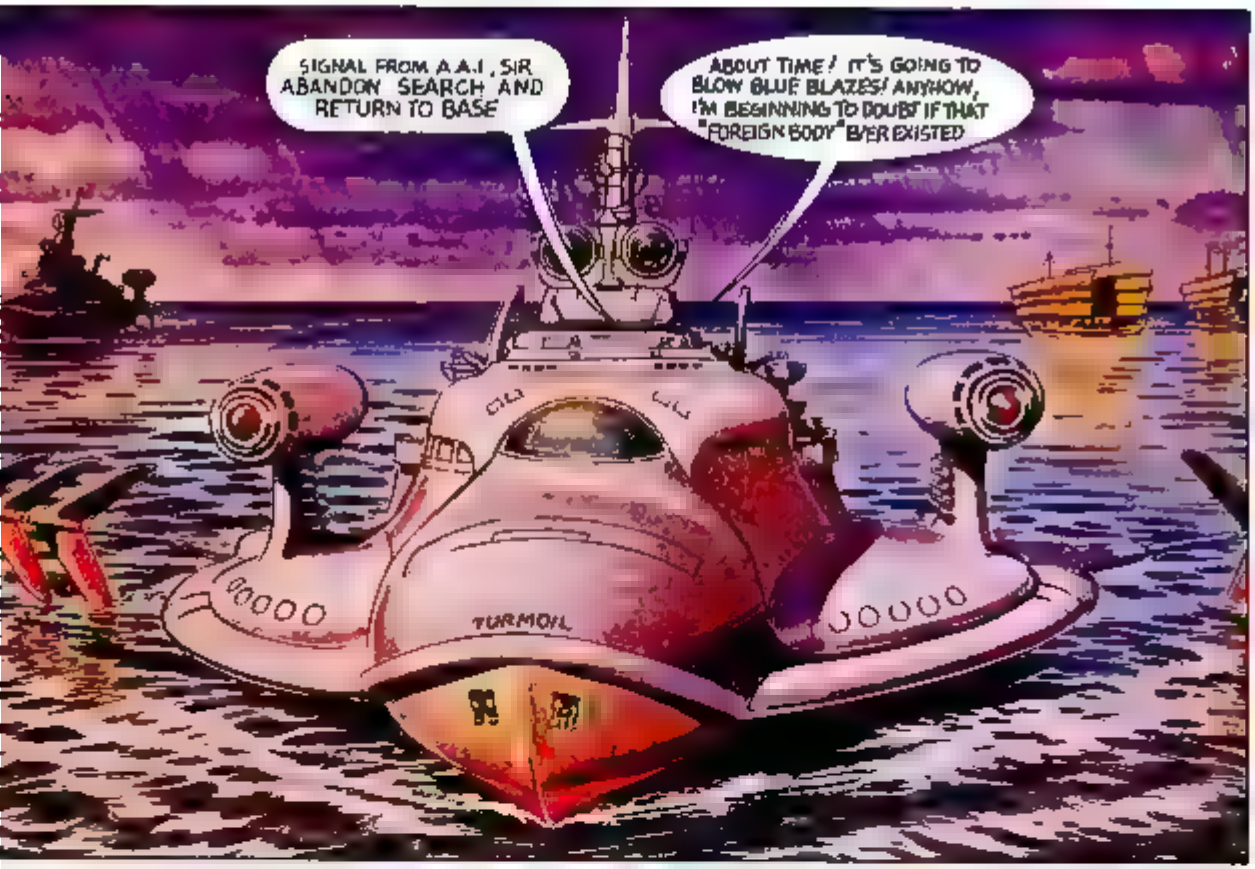
The Studio

The Studio doesn't exist any more. But when it did, it was on Manhattan's West Twenty-sixth Street and was the working space for Jeff Jones, Mike Kaluta, Barry Smith, and Berni Wrightson. Established in 1975, the Studio was to be the focal point for these four artists for the next several years. To celebrate its passing, Dragon's Dream has published *The Studio*, in which the works of each of the four artists are collected.



The Studio

Clockwise from above: Wrightson, Kaluta, Smith, Jones. These are details from larger pieces for a critical overview of *The Studio* see Jay Kinney's Comix this issue


SIGNAL FROM A.A.I., SIR. ABANDON SEARCH AND RETURN TO BASE
ABOUT TIME! IT'S GOING TO BLOW BLUE BLAZES! ANYHOW, I'M BEGINNING TO DOUBT IF THAT "FOREIGN BODY" EVER EXISTED
TURMOIL

DIGBY'S GOT THE SHARPEST EYES IN SPACE FLEET, SIR. HE SWEARS HE SAW A SORT OF SPACIAL TORPEDO LEAVE THAT SHIP BEFORE IT EXPLODED
NOW DON'T START THAT AGAIN, DAN. LET'S FIND THE MOTHER SHIP BEFORE WE START CHASING HER LITTLE ONES!

Dan Dare, Pilot of the Future in *The Man from Nowhere*

Dan Dare is for British SF comics what Flash Gordon was in America: beautifully drawn with full process color, careful in its attention to detail (Arthur C. Clarke was a scientific consultant on the strip), a milestone work. First published in the *Eagle* in the fifties and early sixties, the strips by creator Frank Hampson and Don Harley are now being collected by Dragon's Dream in book form. Seen here are sample panels from volume one, *The Man from Nowhere*. Volume two, *Rogue Planet*, continues the projected trilogy

Changes

Matt Howarth

Dammit! Can't even finish a lucky *meal* between shifts.

WHIPLASH BEYOND THE SCREEN
BY HOWARD HAWKS' FROM HAWKS
A FILM BY JOHN SCIARRA / WITH PHOTO BY
THE LATE JULIAN KERNS

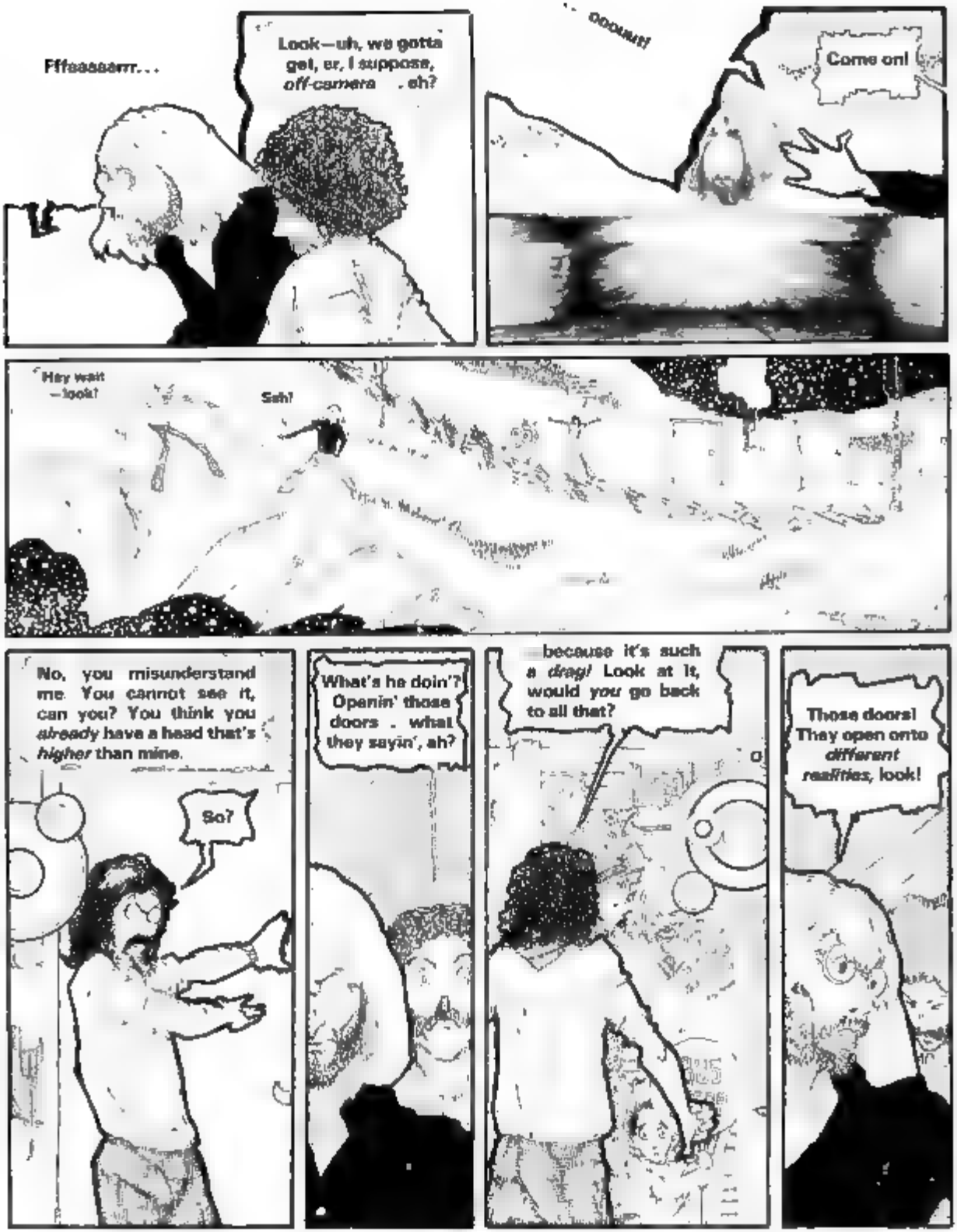
What's goin' on? Have we shifted again, or what. Is this the Maze? This this is really *weird*.

I I dunno Uh look, I think we *Huh?* Whazat?

What *the* hell

Wow I don't remember them in this that's pretty neat, Tony.

What are *they* doing in there? I edited them out.


Pffeaaaarrr...
Look—uh, we gotta get, er, I suppose, *off-camera* . eh?
Come on!
Hey wait —look!
Sah?
No, you misunderstand me. You cannot see it, can you? You think you *already* have a head that's *higher* than mine.
So?
What's he doin'? Openin' those doors . what they sayin', ah?
because it's such a *drag!* Look at it, would *you* go back to all that?
Those doors! They open onto *different realities*, look!

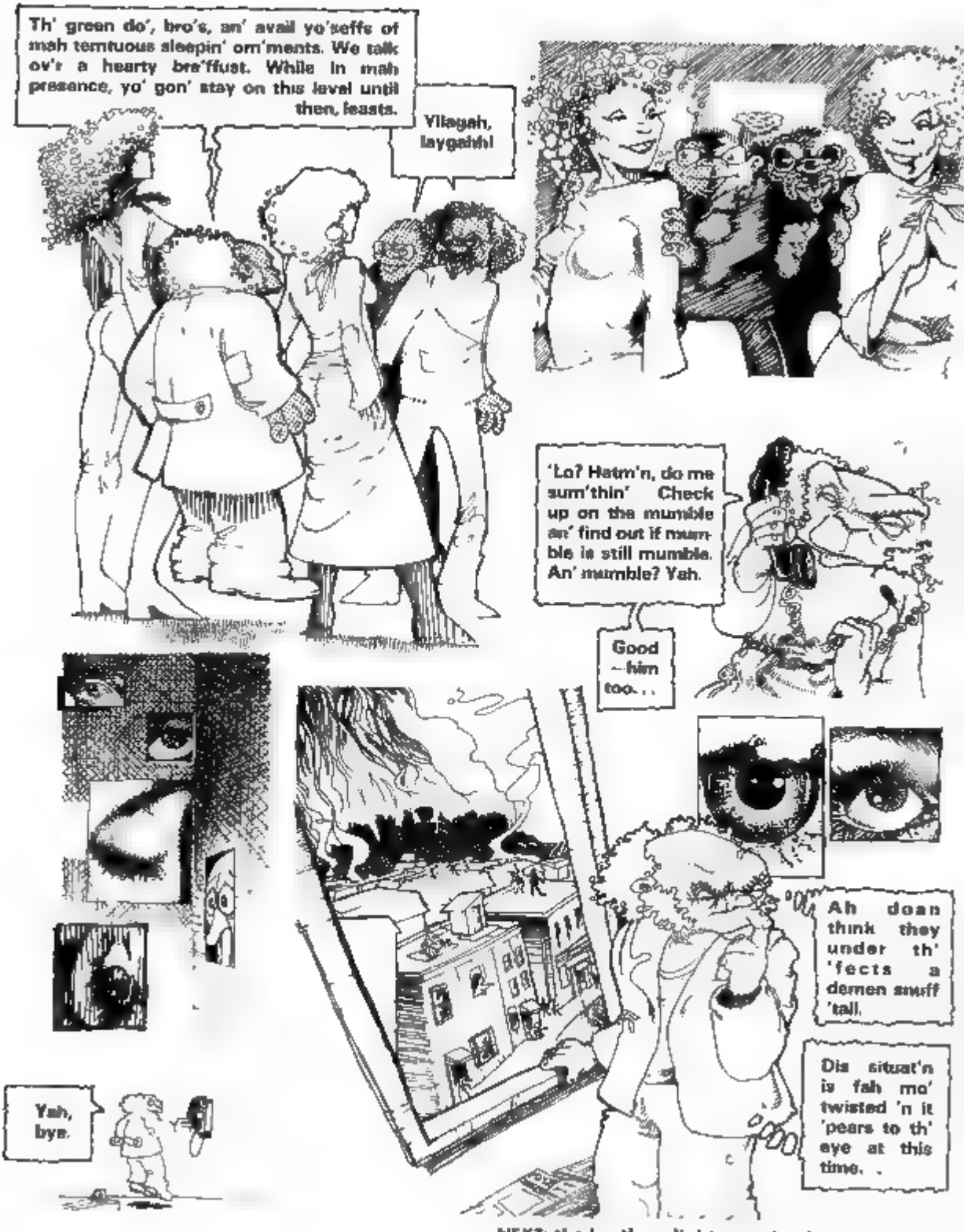
I'm shouting, don't hear me.
Come on, he's gone now.
Not this one.
We'll go down the row each one.
Actually it's not gonna be easy to find him this way.
Nuthin
I dunno aaheah!!
BOCHE!
You found him, eh? Well, well, well.
collection of semivaluable acid containers!
What— Oh no—you!

NEXT: through the megalomaniac escape route

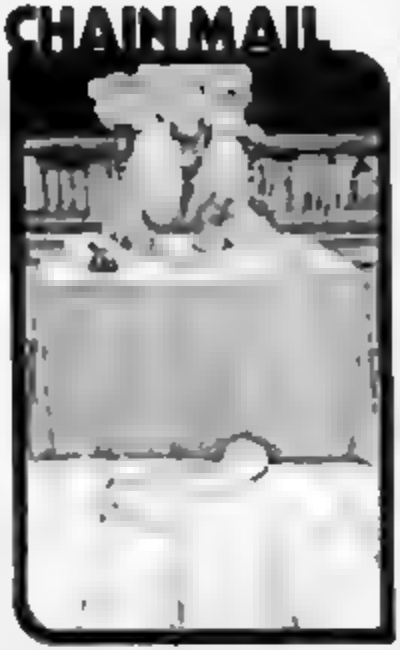
Boche!
You scum, I'm gonna eat your adrenal gland!
Oh dear
Now OVARY! He's shifted already!
ENOSSIFICATION
Hot spit! He went so fast, he dragged us along with him. There he is!
No, isn't that him. No wait uh.
Ooops this isn't going well at all.
They all look like Eno.
A whole reality of them how ingenious.
The perfect escape!
Damn your eyes, Boche! I'll get you sooner or later—you just see!
ENOSSIFICATION BY HENRIRTH
NEXT: embosomed rest cure

YOU ARE HERE
BUGTOWN
5 km.
...And Find Us
AND FIND US BY TONY SCIARRA
Gettin' cold.
Hoo
So, yo' th' noted war crim'nals, eh?
Hah?
An' yo' late. Ah'm afraid th' college almos' cold. Haff a slice while Ah talk.
Yeah. ? An' who yo'?
Hoober, hoober!
Mah name's Rais'n.
That 'splains ev'rythin', hah?

An yo know dun wrong, eh bra s?
Damn straight. That pig Bache
Th cosmic doctor himself, damn! He serviced us real good this time damien, man! I see yo heard of it, eh? Lousy dun fo him to do to us. Ran s gon kill him too, kill him jus like th ossos nation what visited this whole farce. If we don t get on, Savage 'Sory'll avenge us, when he re pears.
Ah sympathize wit' yo', truly. Allow me to ease yo' tens'on.


Th' green do', bro's, an' avail yo'seffs of mah temtuous sleepin' om'ments. We talk ov'r a hearty bre'ffust. While in mah presence, yo' gon' stay on this laval until then, feasts.
Yllagah, laygahh!
'Lo? Hatm'n, do me sum'thin' Check up on the mumble an' find out if mumble is still mumble. An' mumble? Yah.
Good — him too...
Ah doan think they under th' 'fects a demen snuff 'tall.
Dis situat'n is fah mo' twisted 'n it 'pears to th' eye at this time. .
Yah, bye.

NEXT: the brothers fight over dead women.



Dear Sir

I have every issue of *Heavy Metal*, through the January 1980 issue, in which you inaugurated some columns of comment on music, comics, SF

to read, see, or hear about rock music, underground comics, SF literature, or any movie. I do not care much for your features, which are heavy on metaphysics, deep psychological aberrations, mag

that a comics publication dealing with science fiction should have some science—a lot, as a matter of fact—and not mostly blood and guts

So leave the book reports, movie reviews, etc. to those (almost anybody else) who is more qualified to present them than you are.

Harrison, Ariz.

Dear Ted, et al:

Permanent fixtures, hopefully Comix, Flix, SF, Muzick, and the Gallery Section. After all, these columns deal with today's art forms, and art (basically) is what *Heavy Metal* is all about. Also I

Harlequin? Said the Ticklockman. Very sharp.

Mark Tapson

Dear Ted:

What are you trying to do—kill *Heavy Metal*

needs. Until this issue, *HM* has been super. You have simply added eighteen pages of trash. Why?

I'm an SF and fantasy nut—could care less about rock. Lou Stathis should have been a victim. And what is a full-page Stevie Wonder ad doing in *this* magazine? Yuck. *[Like most of the rock album ads we've run in the past, it helped pay a few bills. Besides, it had nice art. —TW]*

Who needs a review of the movies? You can get that in any newspaper. And what about the Comix section? It is really boring, trivial crap.

The Gallery Section is also superfluous. I can

reviews which I don't. *Heavy Metal* should be serving a different purpose entirely. The *total* accent should be on SF and fantasy. A heavy accent is not enough.

It is a shame you're going to leave out good material for this garbage. I'm sure it is much cheaper this way, but what a price to pay. Hell, you might as well leave out Machos and Druillet and add Mickey Mouse.

Please don't screw up a good thing.

Gerald L. Bean

Independence, Mo.

Gerald, read the editorial last issue. It was written especially for people like you. —TW

Dear Meanies:

Q: Who's the most useless person in the world?

A: A rock critic.

I point that out to demonstrate that this is not a personal attack on Lou Stathis (or Ted White), but merely a riposte aimed at punk supporters in general. The very vocal fans of the "new wave" have long had their say. Now it's time for a little dissension from the opposition.

With the end of the sixties, most rock musicians found the genre fairly stable. Those seeking profit

quality and drive of their music vanished fusion, the mating of rock and jazz. Others, still grind out the old staple sound, but they're quite rare, and the gap has been filled by people who in no way deserve the title musicians. Clowns and mental degenerates now populate the rock world, men and women of little ability, taste, or sense of

To credit Roxy Music and the Sex Pistols with the only true innovations in seventies rock is no great compliment, since there's been no genuine creativity in that sound for a full decade. Instead, it has degenerated down to the level of pure noise for the sake of the lowest common denominator.

Extravagant sound equipment, financial backing, and a collection of tone deaf enthusiasts do not make musicians out of incompetents, as bands like Devo, Talking Heads, and Elvis Costello have demonstrated. Learning three chords, writing inane lyrics, and screaming vocals at the top of one's lungs won't do it either. It takes skill and practice, something obviously lacking in the new wave. In the world of music today's rockers are stylish punks, in every sense of the word. They've distorted their craft so horrendously it can no longer be considered as any form of music, so they coin the term "muzick." Whatever they choose to call it, it's utter garbage, complete with the appropriate smell and appearance. All one needs to succeed in that arena is guts, a gimmick, and no talent whatsoever. Being stupid could prove useful, too.

Of course, it's just a matter of personal taste; I really don't give a fuck what anyone else listens to

flowing near my shores. It bothers me to think that punks are making millions, while serious musicians are starving, and I find it chilling to see them reap such undeserved success. I can learn to live with that, however. What grates me is finding a column dedicated to this trash in an otherwise fine magazine. Punk rock has no connection with illustrated fiction. ENO (Electric Nothing Orchestra) has no ties to SF, and a rock critic has no place in your

subject: conceive a rock periodical to do it in. Don't waste space in *Heavy Metal* on that bullshit. Punk fans don't pay your bills. SF supporters do.

Your personal taste in muzick is of no interest to me, and I'd prefer you keep your mindless opinions to yourself, except when they deal with the true subject matter of your publication. The destruction of rock has no relationship with art of imaginative illustration, so why write about it? Your other columns are readily welcomed, but *please* drop the rock section. It's a waste of your

In closing, I would like to express the hopes of antipunks around the globe: May those who ride the "new wave" drown in it.

Rick Wernli

Gosh, Rick, the only thing that exceeds your arrogance is your ignorance. —TW

Editor:

I have been reading *Heavy Metal* for a year now, so I was delighted to read about another favorite of mine, Stephen King, in your January issue—such a nice way to start off the new year.

Having read every work by Mr. King, I am glad to see him getting the recognition and credit he deserves. What intrigues me most about King's work is his ability to take the commonplace and mold it into uncommon horror. He plays upon our fears and idiosyncrasies, leaving us with no safe haven. In King's introduction to *Night Shift*, he states that he dislikes having his feet hang over the bed at night. Now, thanks to King, many of his fans feel the same way.

Kim Painter

Harrisburg, Pa.

And, thanks to his many fans, King can now afford a bed big enough that his feet won't hang over the

am disturbed by *Heavy Metal*'s changes in editorial policy. Though the quality of the four new columns seems quite good, I question their

Heavy Metal has been a unique venture: no other magazine published the same kind of material, and in such a slick format. It brought to America a new experience in narrative art and has become the major influence and, I feel, the most respected experiment in comics today (would Marvel have even *considered* its own versions before yours came?). The foundation of that uniqueness has been in your lengthy installments of foreign artists like Moebius, Druillet, Dionnet, Mezieres, Bilal, Oal, Sire and Mongellier. Then to include reviews

other magazines—can only reduce the content that makes your book different. In other words, this new policy decreases *Heavy Metal*'s uniqueness and only makes it more like other magazines on the market. Its special strength is softened, and its stand out position blends into the pallid sameness of the crowd. One page of artwork lost is, in my opinion, a loss of what *HM* is—and only a pair of some other magazine's format, invariably weaker

at least more familiar, than your own. Even though you printed short stories before, some artwork was generally included with them). There-

emphasize the written content a little more than it has been—and also the current emphasis—brief, little "underground" pieces, like those of Stephen Stiles—the type of which, again, can be found elsewhere! Please do not soften your magazine's impact. It has no need to become like anything else. Keep it where it should be—at the top.

SIDEBAR: SF
by Barry Malzberg

continued from page 5

of movies a couple of writers, most of whom have published very little in the field since the 1950s? Doesn't anybody know or care what's really going on? The stylistic innovations of the last decade and a half, the enormous growth of the audience for all kinds of science fiction, the ten to fifteen modern science fiction writers who by any literary standard are absolutely first-rate? How about them? Doesn't anybody care?

Still the questions are pervasive, another way of saying that they will not go away. Science fiction has prospered in the 1970s. In a largely debased form it has become big business for the media, but in a different way it has also flourished as literature. There are in the United States over one thousand people writing science fiction of publishable quality (ten years ago there were five hundred), over twelve hundred books labeled science fiction will be published this year (ten years ago it was five hundred), a good working professional can now receive a $20,000 advance for a novel and six-figure advances are not unknown (ten years ago the highest advance *ever* paid for a science fiction novel labeled as such was $9,000). The level of ambition, the dazzling achievement of our best writers, the complexity and sophistication of a form that, in the memory of some of its best older writers, *did not exist* in their childhood, quite wondrous. The academicians will be sorting this out for decades.

But still for the general public, the 95 percent who do little reading of any sort, science fiction is a couple of television series, a handful of films, and four or five writers who were established well before 1950. Awareness of the category seems to be concentrated around a limited part of it; the rest of it is undiscovered.

This is sad and depressing but in itself no particular reason to complain. How many high school students could name five living American novelists, three living serious composers? How many have even heard of, say, the *Hudson Review*, let alone have ever seen it? What percentage of the classroom has ever voluntarily gone to a concert or a museum, opened *Ulysses* or *The Sun Also Rises*? It's a difficult world. If the students can name as many as five living science fiction writers, they are, whether I really like it or not, paying tribute to the field.

No, this is not what dismays me. Rather it is an after-the-fact perception. I think that science fiction may be in trouble because not only the mass media but its best practitioners *themselves* have a vested interest in the category being known by, and identified in the public mind with, *Star Wars*, Monk and Mindy's, Heinleins, Asimovs, and all that stuff floating around the cabin in *Alien*.

Why this is so—or, at least, why I *feel* this is so—would make for a very complex argument, extended over many a wearying and wavering paragraph, and I want to spare not only the readership but myself the struggle, so I will try to be concise. Science fiction, from its inception as a subcategory of American literature in 1926 until recently, was a small and largely ignored pursuit for its readers and writers alike; it was regarded with contempt (when it was regarded at all) and had almost no literary or intellectual cachet. This was monstrously unfair, to be sure, but it gave readers and writers (and editors and publishers, too) the feeling that they were collaborating in something vaguely disreputable and always contemptible. When extrinsic events—Hiroshima, television, the cold war, the media, *Sputnik*, the assassinations, the Apollo missions, the moon landing—caught up to the science fictional vision, when those events finally *forced* the larger public to grudgingly accept science fiction as serious business after all, most of the proponents of the field were still caught up in feelings of exclusion. The enormously successful science fiction of the last decade has been known by most serious followers of the field to be poor science fiction, often *dreadful* science fiction, but better popularity and acceptance than a return to the 1940s when it was impossible for anyone within the field to be taken seriously, as reader or writer, by anyone without.

So science fiction will probably succeed and dominate the '80s on the basis of its worst, or at least weaker, possibilities.

This is too bad. But I don't blame a soul. I know the feeling. Peace at any price. ●

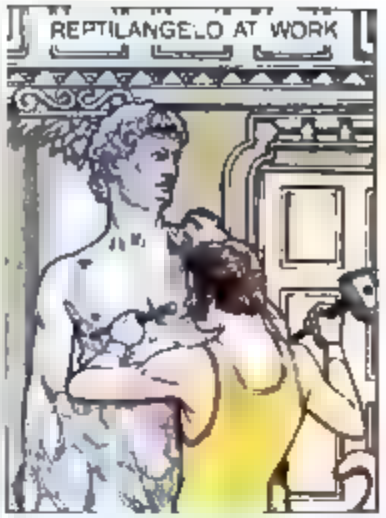
SF by Steve Brown

continued from page 5

the true extent of Orr's power and spends the bulk of the book trying to remake the world into his own vision of utopia. Naturally it isn't that easy, and we come to the central theme of the story: It is just as dangerous for a benevolent man to possess ultimate power as it would be for a Hitler. And then there is the counterpoint subtheme. In the conflict between the Eastern passive acceptance of the world as it is and the arrogant Western assumption that everything is there to be changed, it is the Western attitude that seems to be destructive.

When I first read the book many years ago I was entranced by the constant rearranging of reality. I even interpreted the book as a gentle parody of that master of rubber reality, Philip K. Dick. Shortly after I read the book, I met Le Guin and self-importantly accused her of parodying Dick (in retrospect it was more a case of a fan desperately trying to think of something to say to an admired writer). Quite rightly, she got slightly huffy and said, "Parody Phil Dick? I wouldn't *dream* of such a thing. *The Lathe of Heaven* was written as an *homage* to Dick."

Upon rereading the book, the truth of her statement is embarrassingly evident. There is no parody here, but instead an assimilation of the thoughts and techniques of Philip Dick. The book contains many Dickian elements: the harried "little man" who just wants to live an unbothered life, the constantly shifting template of reality, and the underlying conflict between Eastern and Western philosophies. This conflict is a major point in common with Dick and Le Guin, as she is an active Taoist and utilizes



REMEMBER WHEN DAYDREAMS AND FANTASIES WERE YOUR LAST PRIVATE REFUGE?
THAT OF COURSE WAS BEFORE THE
DREAM POLICE!
HI SAILOR!
HOW'S ABOUT WEIGHIN' A LITTLE ANCHOR?
ALL HANDS ON DECK!

its themes throughout her work. There is also that inimitably wry Dickian humor seen here in the strange, all powerful aliens who end up as the proprietors of small junk shops, and in the woman who, with chaos crashing around her (the city melting, the mountain erupting, everything unstable and changing) says, "Nothing seems to go quite right today." The book is an impeccably realized gesture of respect from one writer to another and a gripping reading experience on its own.

The movie was perhaps as well made as is possible given a budget well below the megabuck range. There were only a few irritations. I flinched whenever an alien appeared, invariably knee-deep in clouds of dry ice. The acting left a lot to be desired, particularly Orr's flaccid delivery of an emotionally laden line like "I didn't mean to kill her." But on the whole it was a superb effort. Screenwriters Roger E. Swaybill and Diane English deserve commendations for a successful adaptation of a difficult book.

The special effects in *The Lathe of Heaven* were done by cinema wizard Ed Emshwiller (also known as one of SF's top illustrators twenty years ago). Emshwiller used implication more than delineation. The alien invasion of the moon was done as a semi-abstract video effect that seemed superficially crude but very effective. In a day when production companies are spending the gross national product of Argentina in an effort to show every bolt, every dial, and every silicon chip, Emshwiller is pointing the way toward an impressionistic technique of handling events difficult to film. If this catches on, it could cut an SF film's budget to a fraction and free the filmmakers to concentrate on telling a good story about interesting people (something we have yet to see in an SF movie). Of course it would require a much stronger artistic effort on the part of the effects people. Rather than clever technicians, studios would have to search for artists with the vision of an Emshwiller to keep the effects looking appropriate rather than merely cheap. But then artistic vision is the name of the game.

The Lathe of Heaven is the only genuine adult level SF movie I have seen. It is the vindication of a lifetime's complaining and hoping. Yet I found the movie to be no more than adequate. As thoughtfully made as it was, it remains only a cursory sketch of the novel.

For instance, the character of Haber, a driven man with a vast talent for self deception and motives too complex for his own understanding, regresses into a mere (in the words of one of the characters in the book) mad scientist with an infernal machine. The character of Heather Lelache, a tough lawyer with a soft core carefully hidden under strong defense mechanisms, who gradually and awkwardly falls in love with Orr, is reduced to little more than a love interest, a placeholder in a necessary plot slot.

The story itself is stripped to its bones. Most of Orr's effective dreams are cut, leaving only a few of the most crucial. Thus a painfully elaborate process of trial and error and gradual realization, the core of the relationship between Orr and Haber, is reduced to a sketch, and doesn't allow Haber any room for development beyond the mad scientist. The most critical scenes in the book are Haber's own effective dream in which he attempts to right all of the injustices humanity is heir to at once, and his failure, which thoroughly scrambles reality and is presented in the movie as a series of striking but meaningless and abstract laser effects. The viewer knows that *something* serious is happening, but hasn't the slightest idea what.

There are nuances and implications in prose that cannot be put onto film. For example, Le Guin was able to convey the far reaching effects of Haber's final dream with a simple throwaway line. The Kitchen Sink was popular for its sturdy wares and fair prices. Since the Break, housewives, refurnishing the unexpected kitchens they had found themselves cooking in that evening in April, had come in increasing numbers. The quote refers to a small kitchenware shop built up after the breakdown of all major industry following Haber's dream. The discontinuity of the dream is referred to as the Break.

This is something that couldn't be accurately represented in film. (A montage of weird kitchens? Hordes of housewives hunting for replacement utensils? But that would focus too much attention on kitchens. The idea is that *everything* radically changed, and the kitchens are used as an example. Yet the film economically conveys the fact that Haber's dream affected society on every level.

Nor could the following exchange have the same meaning on film without the power of Le Guin's interpretive description:

> The lips within the curly beard parted in a straining, staring smile, a grin of ecstacy that made Orr turn away as if he had seen something never meant to be seen, both terrifying and pathetic.
>
> "Then this world will be like heaven and men will be like gods."
>
> "We are. We are already," Orr said, but the other paid no heed.

Nor can the tiny touches of the following sort of perception be adequately done on film: the kind of touches that can make the difference between a real relationship and a bit of playacting: "They said nothing of any importance. They washed up the dishes and went to bed. In bed they made love. Love doesn't just sit there, like a stone, it has to be made, like bread, remade all the time made new."

Film is a completely different form of art than written fiction. The kind of subtleties that can be done in film can't be done in prose and vice versa. A truly successful SF movie should and must be written for the screen with the writer and filmmakers working hand in hand. After years of waiting to see it done, I now believe that a really good SF novel is inherently unfilmable. It is difficult to collapse a reading experience that might have taken ten hours or more spread out over several days into a two-hour screenplay without reducing a book full of subliminal activity into a string of sensational highlights.

This also applies to illustrated books. The author will spend a lot of time carefully setting up a scene so the point where the reader's imagination can take over. Then when it is illustrated, the reader's imagination is robbed of the experience of envisioning the scene. This is not to say that illustrated SF, whether filmed or drawn, is necessarily a bad idea, but that *adaptations* of written works are a bad idea. To be successful, a movie (or a *Heavy Metal* style illustrated story) must be a collaboration between writer and illustrator/filmmaker.

YOURE UNDER ARREST FOR LEWD FANTASIES IN A PUBLIC PLACE
..AND INVOLVING AN INNOCENT PARTY SHAME ON YOU!!
NICE WORK, CONSTABLE..

from the beginning. The writer will purposely leave areas undescribed for the illustrator to draw, and the filmmaker will flesh out a character undescribed with an actor's presence.

As I write, the TV production of Bradbury's *Martian Chronicles* has yet to be aired. I look forward to this with trepidation. Bradbury's prose is so poetic, and the actual events of his stories so subservient to the mood, that I quail to think what the merciless eye of the camera will do to them. Stripping away Bradbury's prose and filming just the story lines seems to me like filming an opera without the music.

Philip K. Dick is a strange, haunted, and disturbed man. He sees the world as a malleable illusion that changes and adjusts itself to its inhabitants' perceptions. He lives out there on the dark edge, teetering above the abyss where his fiction lies. Often (particularly in his harrowing masterpiece, *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch*) he slides completely over that edge.

Dick has codified paranoia into literature to a degree that few other writers have approached. His novels are populated with desperate people fighting to be left alone. The most obvious everyday objects take on a malevolent intelligence: the toaster argues with you, the TV set in the corner is a disguised killing machine, your door won't let you out until you pay it a nickel. Characteristic of most of Dick's fiction is the sudden realization by the protagonist that the most elementary aspects of reality are lies. It isn't 1984. It's 2018; it isn't Mars after all. It's a jail cell on Earth; your most trusted friend is actually assigned to monitor your every move.

Few people, myself included, want to spend thirty-five novels living inside the mind of a paranoid. But Dick is much more than that. He is a sketchily educated man of the streets with all the posturings, the incomplete comprehension of process, the dwelling on the trendy, and the awkward slang-ridden language that that implies. Yet he has areas of great erudition, such as the Eastern philosophy that runs through his fiction like a vein of ore. He has written some of the blackest, most terrifying novels I have ever read, yet his normal sense of humor is never absent.

The whole bundle of contradictions that makes up Philip K. Dick can be seen in his lengthy introductory essay to *The Golden Man*, a new collection of previously unanthologized short stories. Here we see him delivering succinct and biting analyses of his own work, shamelessly name dropping, calmly telling us of his deepest loves and most agonizing tragedies, wandering off on anecdotal tangents, and throwing it all finally against a backdrop of closely reasoned interpretations of Buddhist precepts.

This book serves as a worthy introduction to Philip K. Dick, both the writer and the man. The stories included span all of Dick's varied interests and compulsions. Here you will meet the nervous little people with which Dick populates his novels (no heroes here.) Dick's characters struggle for a chance to be left alone in the face of a universe that seems to be directly attacking them. The dialogue is alternately facile and stumblingly awkward as the characters sweat and struggle over the task of articulation. The peculiar distortions of reality that Dick has staked out as his own territory show up in every story: an alien pinball machine that learns how to attack the player; the diving book cover that subtly changes the text of the book to conform to its own perceptions; the product that not only advertises itself but moves in with you and refuses to leave you alone until you sign the papers.

More than most writers, Philip K. Dick has the ability to directly convert his own feelings into fiction. In his introduction to *The Golden Man* he says, "People have told me that everything about me, every facet of my life, psyche, experiences, dreams, and fears are laid out explicitly in my writing, that from the corpus of my work I can be absolutely and precisely inferred. This is true."

Dick's fiction is so eccentrically his own that it is not easily appreciated by those unfamiliar with him. *The Golden Man*, though the stories are far from all top drawer, should serve as an excellent introduction (in particular his introduction and his notes on the individual stories). This is a volume of great value for students of Dick (several of the stories are embryonic versions of later novels) and a fascinating window into the writer's peculiar world view.

Here is a passage that illustrates Dick's delight in taking a mundane scene, a simple description, and slowly twisting reality straight off its axis. The scene is from "King of the Elves," and concerns a character's slow realization that his best friend's a troll:

> Shadrach looked down at Phineas' hand on his arm. He had not been that close to Phineas in years.
>
> Shadrach contemplated the hand. He wrinkled his brow, puzzled.
>
> Phineas' hand was huge and rough and his arms were short. His fingers were blunt, his nails broken and cracked. Almost black, or so it seemed in the moonlight.
>
> Shadrach looked up at Phineas. "Strange," he murmured.
>
> "What's strange, Shadrach?"
>
> In the moonlight, Phineas' face seemed oddly heavy and brutal. Shadrach had never noticed before how the jaw bulged, what a great protruding jaw it was. The skin was yellow and coarse, like parchment. Behind the glasses, the eyes were like two stones, cold and lifeless. The ears were immense, the hair stringy and matted.
>
> Odd that he had never noticed before. But he had never seen Phineas in the moonlight.
>
> Shadrach stepped away, studying his old friend. From a few feet off Phineas Judd seemed unusually short and squat. His legs were slightly bowed. His feet were enormous. And there was something else—
>
> "What is it?" Phineas demanded, beginning to grow suspicious. "Is there something wrong?"
>
> Something was completely wrong. And he had never noticed it, not in all the years they had been friends. All around Phineas Judd was an odor, a faint, pungent stench of rot, of decaying flesh, damp and moldy.

The Golden Man, by Philip K. Dick. Berkley Books, February 1980. $2.25.
The Lathe of Heaven, by Ursula Le Guin. Avon, January 1980 (movie edition). $1.95.

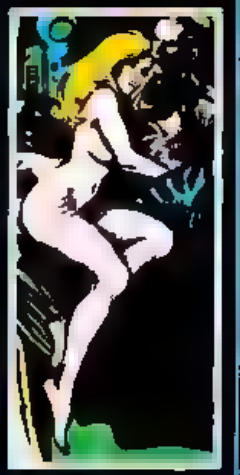
The Heavy Metal Bookshelf: A Universe of Fantasy

ALIEN: THE ILLUSTRATED STORY by Walter Simonson and Archie Goodwin
Based on the Twentieth Century Fox science fiction hit. The crew of the Nostromo must grapple with a terrifying life form they cannot leash, or even comprehend—the Alien! A sixty-four page color trade paperback. List price: $3.95. Order now, pay $2.95.

THE BOOK OF ALIEN by Paul Scanlon. Designed by Michael Gross
Contains over one hundred sketches and behind-the-scenes photos from the Twentieth Century Fox thriller, *Alien*. Packed with interviews [illegible] sets and writers that brought you the hottest science fiction thriller of the century. List price: $7.95. Order now, pay $6.95.

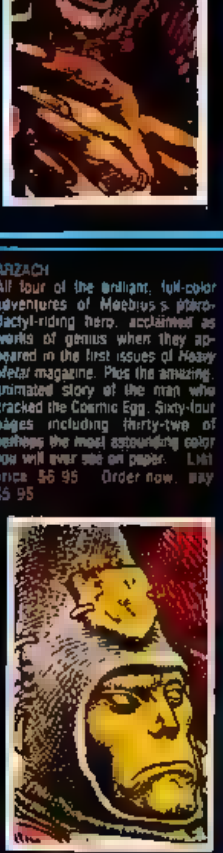
MORE THAN HUMAN
Theodore Sturgeon's science fiction classic, listed among the ten best of novels of all time, presented in a graphic story version by Alex Nino and Doug Moench. It's the extraordinary story of a single superhuman formed by the synthesis of six different and complex personalities. Excerpted in *Heavy Metal*, now available in a special 8½ × 11 trade paperback edition. Full color throughout. List price: $8.95. Order now, pay $7.95.

BARBARELLA THE MOON CHILD
The first and finest of feminine fantasy figures returns to face the most fearful challenges the universe can muster. Action stills from the hit feature film starring Jane Fonda lead into this all-new adventure, drawn in full color by original creator Jean-Claude Forest. Sixty-four huge 12½ × 9½ pages. List price: $6.95. Order now, pay $5.95.



PSYCHOROCK
Five stories by Sergio Macedo that have made him a cult figure wherever people have seen the sky rip open and intergalactic bikers battle android overlords for the favors of goddess-groupies to the sound of punk rock. Sixty-four pages in black and white with a bizarre four-color cover. Large size 11 × 8. List price: $3.95. Order now, pay $2.95.

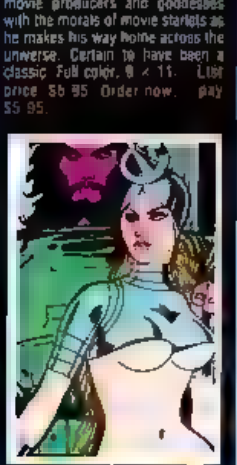
ARZACH
All four of the brilliant, full-color adventures of Moebius's pterodactyl-riding hero, acclaimed as works of genius when they appeared in the first issues of *Heavy Metal* magazine. Plus the amazing, animated story of the man who cracked the Cosmic Egg. Sixty-four pages including thirty-two of perhaps the most astounding color you will ever see on paper. List price: $6.95. Order now, pay $5.95.



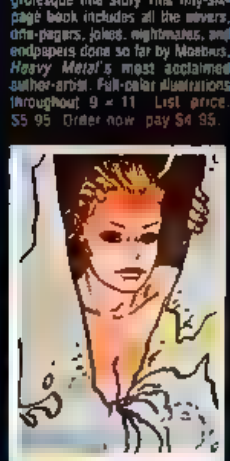
SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS
by Angus McKie
This first sociological science fiction comic story—drawn in exquisite detail by Angus McKie. Join the antics of an oddball collection of intergalactic hucksters aboard the most stunning space vehicle ever conceived. Humor and high drama combine to create a unique fantasy package. A sixty-four page color trade paperback. List price: $6.95. Order now, pay $5.95.

CONQUERING ARMIES
From *Heavy Metal* magazine, the dream epic of fierce horsemen who have never lost a battle and never won a war, who have always come and gone and who will always return. Script by *Metal Hurlant* editor Jean-Pierre Dionnet, with magnificently detailed black and white art by the mysterious Gal. Large size 9¾ × 13¼. List price: $4.95. Order now, pay $3.95.

ULYSSES
Art and text by Loh and Pichard (who brought you *Candice at Sea*), based on the story by Homer (who brought you the *Iliad*). The brave Ulysses pits his strength and wit against gods with the morals of movie producers and goddesses with the morals of movie starlets as he makes his way home across the universe. Certain to have been a classic. Full color, 9 × 11. List price: $6.95. Order now, pay $5.95.



IS MAN GOOD?
From *Heavy Metal*'s first year, the collected full color Moebius, including the sixteen-page space-spy saga, "The Long Tomorrow," the beautiful "Ballade," the eerie "Small Universe," and the utterly grotesque title story. This fifty-six-page book includes all the covers, dirty-pagers, jokes, nightmares, and endpapers done so far by Moebius, *Heavy Metal*'s most acclaimed author-artist. Full-color illustrations throughout. 9 × 11. List price: $5.95. Order now, pay $4.95.



Please send me *Heavy Metal* books as indicated below. I have enclosed a check or money order payable to *Heavy Metal* Books. I have included 75¢ for postage and handling of each book.

[illegible] _____ copies at $5.95 each
[illegible] _____ copies at $7.95 each
[illegible] _____ copies at $5.95 each
_____ copies at $2.95 each
_____ copies at $5.95 each
_____ copies at $3.95 each
_____ copies at $5.95 each
_____ copies at $4.95 each
_____ copies at $2.95 each
_____ copies at $6.95 each
(New York State residents please add applicable sales tax.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

[illegible]

For orders of two books subtract an additional $ from total
For orders of three books subtract an additional $ from total
For orders of four books subtract an additional $ from total
For orders of five books subtract an additional $ from total
For orders of six books subtract an additional $ from total
For orders of seven books subtract an additional $ from total
For orders of eight books subtract an additional $ from total
For orders of nine books subtract an additional $ from total
For orders of ten books subtract an additional $ from total and get a free [illegible] *Heavy Metal* Calendar.

Total enclosed $ _____

© 1980 Paul Kierkegaard Jr.

And so, in the winter as the atmosphere began to crystalize into billions of tiny particles, I left "La Mala" forever, carrying the pale corpse of
Her nonexistence no longer seemed so desperately important if the life on earth was about to end

FLIX by Bhob

continued from page 5

Bilal, and Caza. For the Fantastic Realism in his films not only has a perceptual fine tuning akin to the best of *Heavy Metal*/*Metal Hurlant*, the scope is equally international. Skolimowski may not be prolific, but he has become the world traveler of moviedom. Like a filmic Olympian, this vaulting Pole has displayed his precise form in one country after another, cinematically flexing first in Poland, gaining impetus in Belgium, and soaring in England. Arriving in this country he seemed less interested in promoting *The Shout* than in launching his first American project, a modernization of *Crime and Punishment* possibly set in Boston. "An exciting prospect," as John Dean phrased it.

We were at the Orson Welles Cinema in Cambridge, Massachusetts, sitting upstairs in the offices, which were abandoned and empty because of a holiday, while the crowds beneath us milled about between showings of Herzog's *Nosferatu*. Skolimowski was in Boston scouting *Crime and Punishment* locations. "The first idea was to make it British, but then I thought that the British ambiance doesn't have that dark side of the elegant facade. Perhaps Dublin has got it, but not London. London is very optimistic to me. I would like to see that crime committed in a very, very elegant stylistic but still modern background. And here I am in Boston to have a look at the town, and I'm very impressed. I've got good feelings of what I've seen. I've been running around for two days now, and there are some great, great, great things in this town. So I'm very much driving toward the idea of setting the film here in Boston with an American cast, and it may come very soon. *The Shout* was like a confirmation that I'm able to make a film—as for many years I wasn't making any films—and I think that however the film is received, one has to say 'Well, it's done, it's well made.' For some of the audience, it may not be an acceptable way of making films.

And for others it may be very acceptable. Listen: I've got to communicate to you, right at the start of this round, what I like so much about Skolimowski's movies. When he entered the ring in the mid sixties his elliptical style made him a man ahead of his time and a film festival favorite. But as we move into the eighties, he could easily become a molten-hot commercial director: there's a heavy, metallic audience waiting. (I know you're out there. Because of overpopulation I can hear you breathing.) The terms 'Godardesque' or 'Godardian' were often applied to his films, when in truth, he has a uniquely personal, allusive approach and a fine, intuitive eye for the graphic design elements of pictorial compositions in movement.

Reversing the usual procedure of establishing long shots, he often maneuvers in close for an opening punch that leaves the viewer bewildered and staggering, as in *The Shout* when Anthony Fielding (John Hurt) is

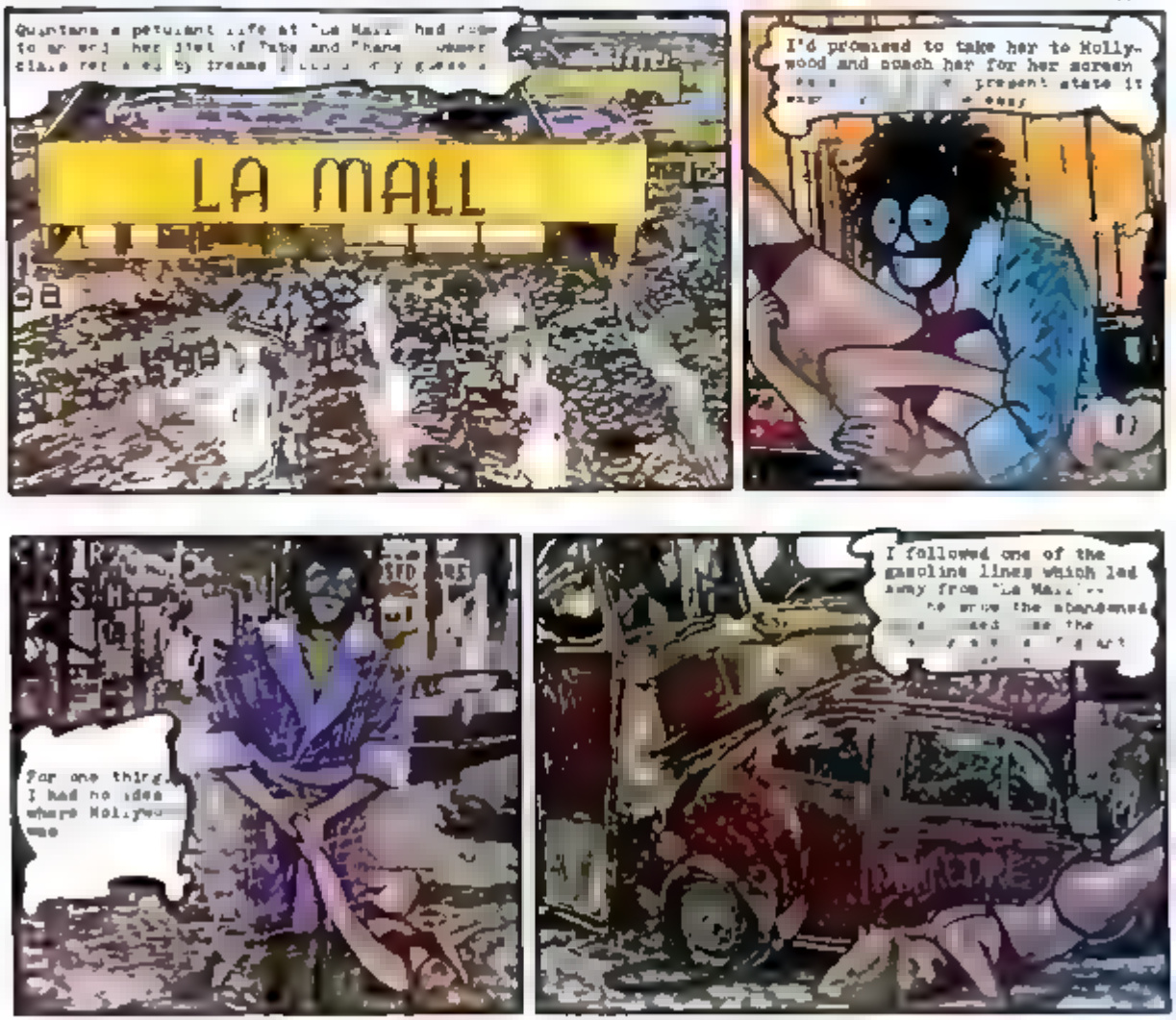
introduced with tight close-ups showing the creation of aural effects—steel balls rolling on a metal sheet, a taut string pulled across the jagged edge of an opened can, a match flaring near a microphone—all seen before we are shown the entire sound studio and realize that Fielding is an electronic composer.

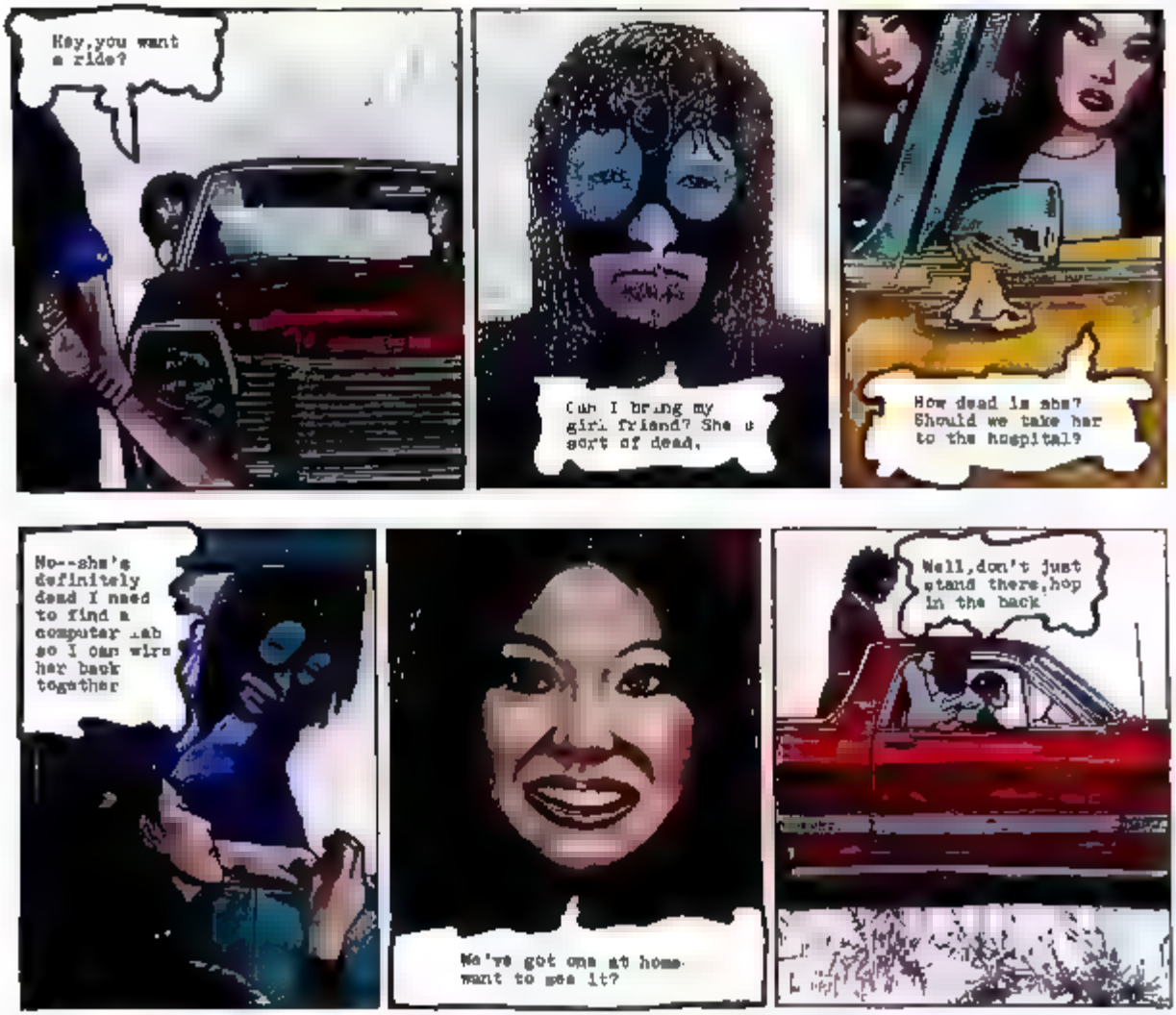
Sometimes the wider explanatory view is eliminated entirely, as in a late sixties Skolimowski scene of a sidewalk vendor parked at the foot of an immense, exterior staircase. Throughout the shot, a ball, origin unknown, bounces its way down the stairs and eventually out of frame, witnessed by the audience but not by the characters. Skolimowski's concern for such coincidental tails is one of the reasons so many writers have described his work as "surreal," when actually it's just an effort on his part to capture the strangeness that exists in real life while obliquely increasing the main dramatic tension. Where most filmmakers would concentrate solely on the linear progression of the narrative, Skolimowski adds apparently irrelevant details that, by the very act of inclusion, take on significance. They become meaningful coincidences, what Jung called "synchronicity" and defined as "the simultaneous occurrence of two meaningfully but not causally connected events."

Arthur Koestler took a decidedly unmystical look at synchronicity in his book *The Roots of Coincidence*, examining quantum physics for a possible solution. Skolimowski also rejects mysticism in describing his artistic process of dramatizing and editing these juxtapositions. "I haven't done it based theoretically on Jung, but that's my natural way of seeing things. I'm very much aware of all those coincidental things that follow us through life, but I don't treat them as mystic. That's a funny thing because my imagination was trained with poetry. When you use words it comes much easier than when you use images, because images must be a precise illustration of the imagination. When I see those things in life I know that those are the perfect illustrations of the poem that is not written by myself but written by my life. Some things are put down pretty clear, and then it comes to the certain scrapbook that I very much believe in. This is the significance of the character, not the mysticism, but the tension produced by a certain person. Perhaps I'm just looking for some of those effects, and therefore, much more aware of it. And then, naturally, I'm putting them into the film: the dog knocking over the milk bottle or the bird suddenly flying in front of the camera."

If you blink, you might miss the single second when the bird, seemingly from nowhere, flies through a doorway inside the Fieldings' house in *The Shout*. This was not in the original script, but after the first take of this scene, Skolimowski felt he "should give an impulse," a suggestion that something was about to happen to the characters. Skolimowski and the cast and crew then waited for a bird to be brought from a pet shop forty miles away before shooting the second take of the same scene. The carefully staged dog/milk bottle shot in *The Shout*, not intended as symbolism, recalls the accidents sometimes seen in other Skolimowski films.

"I was using some accidental events like the dog knocking over the bottle. It can happen


LA MALL
I'd promised to take her to Hollywood and teach her for her screen
For one thing, I had no idea where Holly
I followed one of the gasoline lines which led away from


Hey,you want a ride?
Can I bring my girl friend? She's sort of dead.
How dead is she? Should we take her to the hospital?
No--she's definitely dead I need to find a computer lab so I can wire her back together
We've got one at home. Want to see it?
Well,don't just stand there,hop in the back

and when it happens in life, we see it as a natural thing. If you put it on film, people search for the significance, which I don't mind. But I'm not putting any significance into it. I just think that's the right illustration of the emotions I'm trying to create. Whatever you think about the dog knocking over the bottle, that's right.

His films also possess an art power that extends beyond the confines of theaters. I first noticed this effect years ago, leaving the New York Film Festival after seeing *Walkover* (1965). No ball bounced down the sunlit Lincoln Center steps, instead the myriad, unrelated details of life in the NYC streets interweaved and connected before me, and I realized that Skolimowski's fantastic imagery had, quite literally, triggered a temporary alteration of my perception of the real world. Surely it is this kind of reaction that explains why the French film historian Georges Sadoul called Skolimowski "obviously one of the most significant filmmaking talents to emerge in the sixties, a director with an idiosyncratic vision of the pressures of modern urban life."

Odd then that apart from *The Shout* (winner of the Grand Jury Prize at the Cannes Fest) and the critical/commercial success of *Deep End* (1970), so much of Skolimowski's past output sits on shelves and isn't seen much these days, while Skolimowski himself remains something of an unknown quantity. Born May 5, 1938, in Warsaw, he went to Warsaw University, where he studied ethnography, fought as a boxer and graduated in 1959, having seen his poetry and short stories from this period published. On the advice of Poland's leading filmmaker Andrzej Wajda (*Kanal, Ashes and Diamonds*), he entered the Polish film school at Lodź in 1960. He collaborated with Wajda on the screenplay of Wajda's 1960 *Niewinni czarodzieje* (*Innocent Sorcerers*), which features the young Roman Polanski as an actor. In 1961 Skolimowski made *Boxing*, a documentary, as a school project. After teaming with Polanski on the screenplay of the 1962 *Nóż w wodzie* (*Knife in the Water*), Polanski's first feature as a director, Skolimowski linked together his film-school exercises in 1964 to create *Rysopis* (*Identification Marks: None*) about a student, André Leszczyc (Skolimowski), and the events of his last day before joining the army. In *Walkover* Skolimowski again portrayed Leszczyc seven years later as a boxing hustler making a living by fighting beginners in amateur competitions.

He next demonstrated the full potency of his gift for visual legerdemain, showing the differences between the generations in Poland while depicting Warsaw as an alien landscape in *Barrier* (1961). In several ways the film's bizarre shifts and turns greatly resemble one of the best American motion pictures from that same period, Arthur Penn's *Mickey One* (1965). *Barrier* involved a great deal of improvisation. Skolimowski arrived on the set each day with only a sketchy outline of what was to be done. He tape-recorded the actors' improvised rehearsals, turned these tapes into written transcripts, and then edited the transcripts, shortening scenes so that the final take of a given shot was sometimes half the length of the first take. Critic David Wilson, pointedly ignoring Polanski, said, "With *Barrier* Jerzy

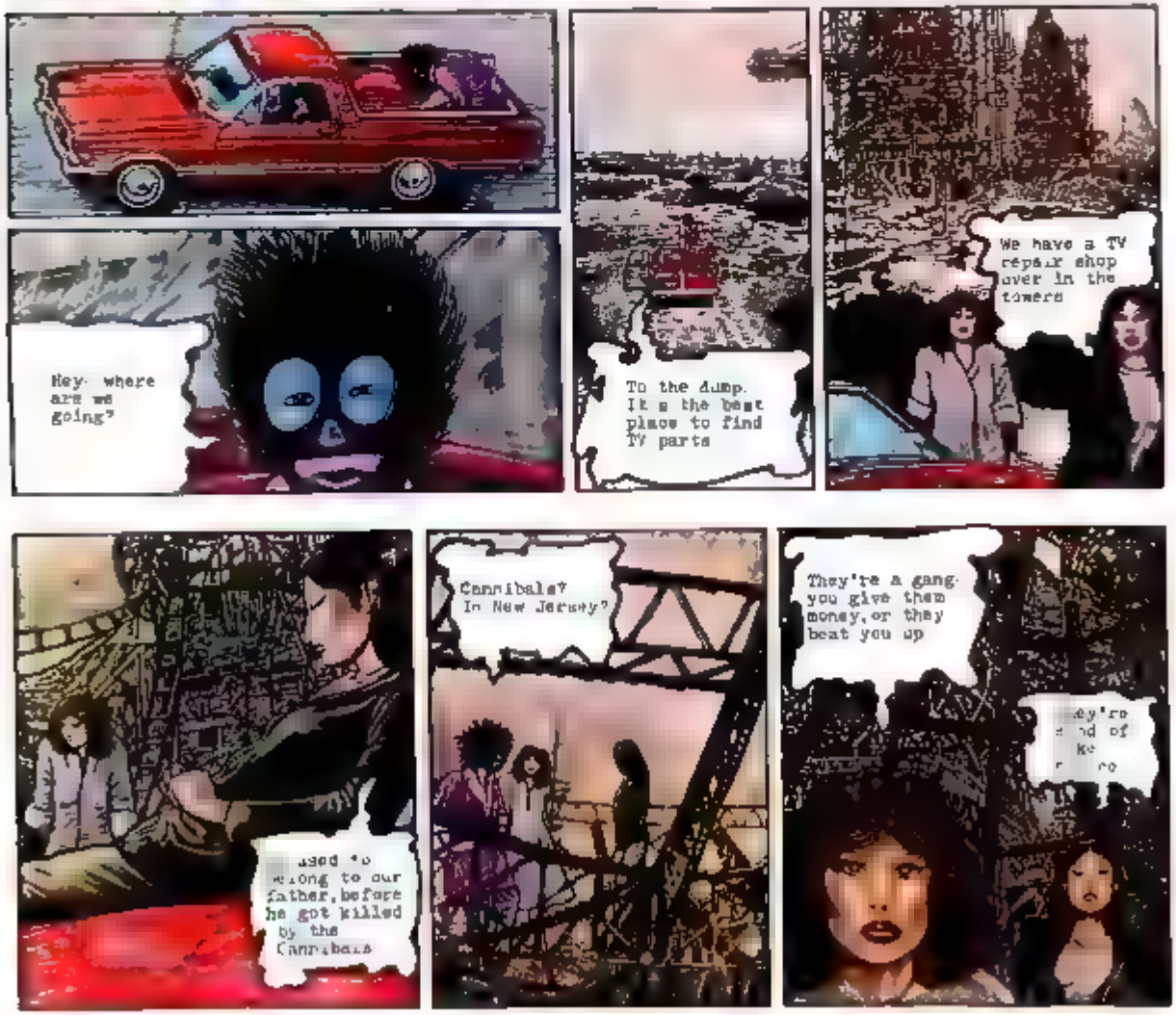
Skolimowski decisively confirms his promise as the most exciting talent to come out of Poland since the days of Wajda and Munk. And if one says that *Barrier* is paradoxically both romantic and as hard as nails, that is only to confirm it as a devastating allegory of the Polish state of mind.

He left Poland to make a French language film *Le Depart*, in Brussels. With Jean Pierre Leaud as Marc, an impulsive nineteen year old obsessed with stealing a Porsche in order to enter an automobile race. *Le Depart* is alive with vibrant comic inventions and strange surprises, all a natural extension of Marc/Leaud's nervous energy. When Leaud showed Skolimowski a kinky self masturbation shtick, putting a needle through his own hand without pain or bleeding, the director incorporated the bit into the story line as Marc's bar stunt to impress a girl. *Negative Space* author Manny Farber found Leaud the only one with any sense of physical impact, describing the actor as suggesting a pair of scissors gone angrily out of control. Marc goes to an automobile show where throngs genuflect in the glitter, it's a high-tech religious rite— while a percussive Komeda jazz score (recorded by Kenny Clarke, Cato Barbieri, Rene Utreger, Don Cherry, and others) punctuates the film's slick and polished visual sheen. It would be nice to see *Le Depart* again, double-billed perhaps with a Godard or Truffaut, but it's very rarely revived.

Skolimowski returned to Poland in 1967 continuing the saga of antihero Andre Leszczyc in *Rece do gory* (*Hands Up!*), a provocation about political and social problems in Poland. The film was completed and awaiting release shortly before 1968 when purges in the Polish film industry caused it to be banned- an unfortunate suppression, since Skolimowski once called it "a trip in the imagination, my best and most mature film." After he and Leaud were reunited in Czechoslovakia for *Dialogue* (1968), he directed *The Adventures of Gerard* (1970), a British-Italian-Swiss co-production of frenetic black humor and Napoleonic cinematic chaos based on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Brigadier Gerard stories.

Unlike *Le Départ*, the sinister poetry of *Deep End* does turn up in revival houses. Partially shot in Munich, it's set amid the dust and corruption of a seedy London bath house and pool where an innocent youth (John Moulder-Brown) falls into a downward spiral of obsession for a cruel coworker (Jane Asher) to the accompaniment of Cat Stevens. The minutiae details of the finale, the swimming pool seduction leading to the girl's death, are staged as a geometric progression of nightmare circumstances. This is capped by the final shot, an underwater ballet of necrophilic horror. (And this closing sequence alone indicates why Skolimowski's *Crime and Punishment* will be eagerly anticipated.)

There was a trip back to Poland to redit *Hands Up!*, hoping for a 1971 release, and he then returned to Munich to make *King, Queen, Knave* (1972), a West German-USA coproduction based on Vladimir Nabokov's 1968 novel, with Gina Lollobrigida, David Niven, and John Moulder-Brown caught up in a romantic triangle and a subplot involving the invention of an erotic artificial skin to be


Hey- where are we going?
To the dump. It's the best place to find TV parts
We have a TV repair shop over in the towers
used to belong to our father, before he got killed by the Cannibals
Cannibals? In New Jersey?
They're a gang- you give them money, or they beat you up

I followed them into the towers--mounds of collapsed cement studded with broken bottles, ringed by beer cans and swaying fire escapes
These used to be expensive condos for senior citizens
LIQUIDAÇÃO
Now the only thing left is our store
Come on--the computer's in the back.
I haven't seen one like this since I was a kid

used in the manufacture of lifelike mannequins. The critical consensus was that this was a most Nabokovian film, that Skolimowski, the new champ, had bested even Kubrick (*Lolita*) in faithfully bringing Nabokov to the screen.

Skolimowski, however, with a wave of his hand, dismissed it. "The problem is that I really have to be involved in my work. When I'm trying to do just the professional job, to be done, I'm making bad films like *King, Queen, Knave*, *The Adventures of Gerard* and a couple of others. I was just employed, no involvement at all, no passion. Horrible laziness, which I couldn't overcome by any interest. It wasn't very pleasurable to make those films. Now when I'm involved, as in *Deep End* and *The Shout*, as in some of my Polish films, then I can really produce a lot of energy, and it's natural." *King, Queen, Knave*, a film many Nabokov readers might want to see, vanished into The Great Film Vault: Limbo without explanation. (It did have a 1979 NYC booking, but what about the rest of the country?)

Skolimowski vanished from the scene also, and six years passed before he re- appeared, articulating the Dolby scream of *The Shout*, based on a 1924 Robert Graves short story about an asylum inmate who claims his shout can kill—yet another example that short stories, leaving room for directorial embellishments, can often be more rewarding sources for feature films than novels. (Novels demand a longer format, as with ABC's "Novels for Television" and "Masterpiece Theatre," or as Erich von Stroheim attempted to demonstrate in 1924 with his forty-two reel, nine-hour *Greed*, adapted page by page from Frank Norris's *McTeague* (*San Francisco Daily News* drama critic Idwal Jones, one of the few people to ever see *Greed* in its entirety, prophetically wrote, "We wonder if pictures will ever be shown on the installment plan. A very thoughtful idea, we think.")

In the psychological undercurrents of *The Shout*, Skolimowski, again showed his superb skill with actors, guiding Alan Bates to convincingly interpret the death shouting Crossley as a psychopathic mindfucker who completely believes his own wild claims (whether they are true or not). Susannah York also has some delicious transitional moments whenever she is suddenly possessed by Crossley's aboriginal magic. The producer of *The Shout* is Jeremy Thomas, and his obvious interest in allowing directors to explore new avenues of highly visual, unconventional narrative structures makes him a producer to watch during the eighties, he's also the man behind the *Crime and Punishment* project and Nicolas Roeg's current film, the stylistically fragmented *Bad Timing* (with Art Garfunkel as a psychoanalyst who has an explosive romantic affair in Vienna).

Skolimowski was most enthusiastic when discussing the components of Crossley's shout, an awesome, theater-vibrating moment that mixed forty eight tracks and used airplanes, Niagara Falls, shooting a pistol straight at the microphone, the moon rocket, some strange noises, plus all the most sophisticated equipment of the rock groups, synthesizers, white noise, pink noise. Technically, we tried to cover all possible frequencies of annoying sounds. The human voice shout, which is the mainstream of the

sound, only covers a very narrow amplitude of the sound. so we had to get all the bottoms and all the tops of all possible vibrations. Therefore, there were some incredible sounds: -pulling a piece of chalk on glass with those terribly high frequencies awful sounds, really. Dolby Stereo at least guaranteed that you would be shocked by that sound - a sound that you were never expecting to hear. If it is screened properly it is really something.

Skolimowski doesn't care for science fiction, although the imaginative profundities of the Polish science fictioneer Stanislaw Lem (*Solaris, Memoirs Found in a Bathtub*) are an exception. "Lem is great, he's got a couple of very good things. The film of *Solaris* is disappointing, terrible. Instead, he leans toward a notion that you can have such a science fiction in real life. As our conversation came to an end I asked for an example of this, and he recounted an extraordinary incident that had happened only three days earlier. After the New York opening of *The Shout* we were talking with some friends, and I wasn't too happy because the screening wasn't technically too good. I was trying to check it during the screening and some noises came from the speakers. So I was pretty upset. We went with some friends to the restaurant Elaine's, the kind of place where film people go these days in New York, and we sat at the table that was reserved for us. Some very nice people. Woody Allen was there. I was sort of sitting like this, and I said, 'You make an effort, you make films, you do the physical work, the brain work, and you have good results and have it in the can. Now just to screen it in the proper conditions, and you are happy. But if it is not screened properly, then I am unhappy, as I am, and I think all the work I've done was for nothing; it was just wasted and then will soon be forgotten - and probably already.' And I said, 'My first film, a Polish film that was called *Rysopis* in Polish and *Identification Marks, None* in English, -ridiculous title, is already forgotten.' I was pointing up. Then the person who was sitting in front of me - it was Harvey Keitel, -said, 'What did you say? *Rysopis* or *Identification Marks, None*?' You are pointing at the poster of that film. It was over my head. I didn't see it. I was pointing like this, and he was sitting in front of me, so he was facing the wall. And I turned like this, and there it was. *RYSOPIS, FILM BY SKOLIMOWSKI/IDENTIFICATION MARKS NONE*. Isn't that science fiction?"

Jung would have called it synchronicity.

6MM FILM RENTAL GUIDE

Some titles mentioned above: *Barrier, Deep End, The Shout, Kanal, Ashes and Diamonds, Knife in the Water, Lolita*) are available in 16mm from Films Inc. -440 Park Ave. South, NYC 10016). For *Walkover* and *Rysopis*, contact New Yorker Films, 43 W. Sixty-first St., NYC 10023, for *Mickey One*. Audio Brandon (34 Mac Questen Parkway South, Mt. Vernon, NY 10550), and for *The Adventures of Gerard*, CA 6, 729 Seventh Ave., NYC 10019. ●

I'll have to redesign the graphic display
Um, I don't know
How long are you planning to use it for?
Well, you better learn how to fix TV's pret fast

After dinner, my new employers practiced disco dancing in front of the TV
Long after they'd gone to sleep, I was still awake, feverishly working out programs for testing thermoplastic skin conduction--
--while off in the distance, the Carnivara raced their engines

*To Be Continued

COMIX by Jay Kinney

(continued from page 4)

Similarly many of the young giants of comic books in the forties (Jack Cole, Will Eisner, Klaus Nordling, and later Harvey Kurtzman) were multitalented. Both the strips and the books in their boom eras were loose and untried enough that cartoonists could experiment, follow through on oddball ideas, and push the early limits of the medium. Most of the language and conventions of comic art we now take for granted were developed in those circumstances.

However, by Eisenhower's second term comic art was stagnating. Perhaps it was the advent of TV drawing attention away from paper entertainment. Perhaps it was the stifling bitter complacency, or just the passage of time. Whatever, many of the classic newspaper strips were now produced by the assistants or assistants' assistants of the original creators. Newer strips tended to laud the merits of postwar suburban family life ("Hi and Lois") or wallow in TV-like soap bathos ("Rex Morgan, M.D.," "Judge Parker," etc.).

Comic books, under the stern gaze of the Comics Code Authority, increasingly assumed a solely juvenile readership. As comic production was broken down into an "efficient" assembly line of specialized tasks, writer, letterer, penciller, inker, colorist, etc., "cartoonist" increasingly came to mean at best a fine draftsman, at worst a stylistic hack and technician. Somewhere in the shuffle the original spark was lost.

And that wasn't all. American culture in general was at a crisis point as the sixties ensued. With the government mired in a no-win war in Asia and the limits of economic expansion beginning to appear, the gap between reality and popular myth was widening.

Popular culture depends for its existence on its ability to respond to the lives and dreams of its society — sometimes expressing and sometimes exploiting them, but always interacting. Comic art as pop culture

was failing to reflect reality as experienced by the growing youth culture of the sixties.

Faced with the draft, Vietnam, and God at the front door (thanks to LSD), increasing numbers of kids were having trouble relating to, say, "Steve Canyon." Millions wanted to escape suburbia, nationalism, and the misery of daily life rather than celebrate them. The counterculture developed as a mass subculture of alienation, and comics like Marvel's neurotic Spiderman, coming from a different generation, didn't quite capture it. ("Dr. Strange," perhaps came

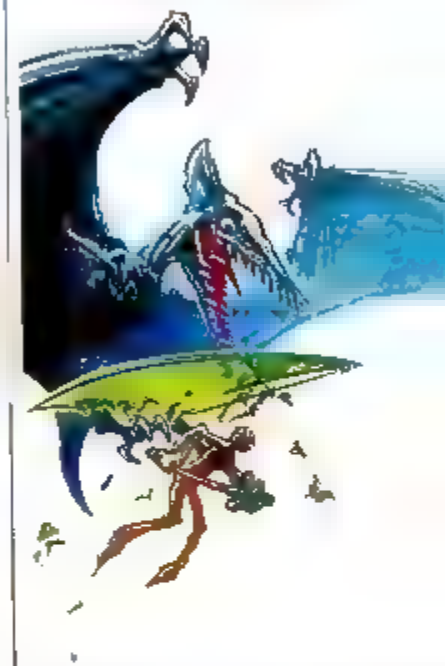
closest but was an exception and not the rule.)

It's in this context that underground comics arose. Initially drawn for UG papers and then done for small hip publishers (or self-published), the comics came directly out of the counterculture. The UG cartoonists, unprofessional and untrained in most cases, both drew what was around them and delved into their unconsciousnesses for material that came to them courtesy of the same drugs and circumstances enjoyed by their friends. Whereas Marvel's "Sgt. Fury" eternally fought World War II and Mort Walker's "Beetle Bailey" slumbered away at Camp Swampy, Ted Richards's "Dopin' Dan" cracked jokes for 'Nam vets and draftees. Similarly, the Zen advice of Crumb's "Mr. Natural" seemed more to the point than that proferred by "Mary Worth."

While there was never any formally stated philosophy of the UGs, one can look back and find recurring themes: drug use and experiences, explicit sex, antiwar and anti-authoritarian politics, gut-wrenching violence, personal candor and autobiography, and much social satire. If straight society supported something, the comix tended to revel in the opposite. The images and emotions were strong, shocking, and impolite, a form of guerrilla theater in print.

However, while they had one foot in the counterculture, the UG cartoonists had the other foot firmly planted in the traditions of comic art. They may not have begun that way — a good many of the artists were oblivious to most prior comics before they stumbled into the field — but the nature of the UG comics scene soon changed that.

By the beginning of the seventies most of



the cartoonists had moved to San Francisco. And in the hothouse atmosphere of a tight social scene they continued to draw even as the original counterculture fanned out and evaporated. There was strong group pressure to make each strip one did better than the last, and the way one improved was to study the masters and draw, draw, draw. Some looked to the old ECs, others to the strip artists of the thirties, and others to specific artists outside of comics altogether. But everyone learned, trading knowledge and discoveries back and forth. Once again cartoonists were "doing it all" in comic books, and the assembly line had been eluded.

Sales steadily grew for the first three or four years of the new decade and the cartoonists encouraged each other to experiment. Nonlinear narratives, perspective alterations, poetry and primitivism, as well as plenty of more traditional jokes and plot lines, were all tried. Some worked splendidly, others failed miserably, and many of the attempts may have been lost on the readers altogether. But in any case, comics had become exciting again.

The latter half of the seventies was a time of consolidation for the UG artists and their publishers. The average quality of a UG comic today is higher as the cartoonists have polished the styles and approaches discovered in the earlier days of intense experimentation. Still dependent on non-newsstand, alternative distribution networks, the comix remain hard to find. Yet the UGs survive as a vital genre where cartoonists can speak in a more personal voice, delve deeper into dangerous territory, and enjoy more freedom than afforded in most mass circulation magazines.

Yet, perhaps inevitably, the UGs have become a minieslablishment in their own way as some new cartoonists have found the genre less open to new work than in the past, when an anything goes atmosphere prevailed. Through self-publishing and work for local publications new artists outside the UG are developing, and it may be left up to

many of them to revitalize comics the next time around.

Meanwhile, seeds planted by the UG have sprouted and borne fruit in a variety of places. As the comix made their way abroad they excited cartoonists particularly in England, Holland, and France. Partially inspired by American UGs, a new wave of comics for adults caught fire in Paris in the mid seventies. First the monthly *L'Echo des Savanes* (The Sound of the Jungle), then *Fluide Glacial* (Icy Fluid) and *Metal Hurlant* (Screaming Metal) appeared. *Heavy Metal*, in turn, has reprinted many of the new French cartoonists for an American audience and is helping to spread a tradition of adult comic fare with direct lineage in the Undergrounds.

While the newspaper strips and straight newsprint comics may be shrinking and fading, the growth of comic art in quality paperbacks and other formats indicates an intriguing evolution ahead for the art form.

Next month:
Part Five: From East to West

New Publications

With this section of the column I originally planned only to review new publications that seemed praiseworthy, as ignoring the bombs seemed, by implication, to be a sufficiently harsh critique. However this policy tends to overlook new comix that are neither total successes nor total failures but worth discussing. For instance:

Commies from Mars #2 (1979, $1.25) has recently been published by Last Gasp in San Francisco. Kitchen Sink in Wisconsin published the first issue of this title back in 1973, but when editor Tim Boxell moved to the Bay Area a year ago from the Midwest the title and concept came with him.

And great title it is — summoning up visions of fifties red-scare flicks as well as greasy men's "sweat" magazines. If the first issue suffered from an inability to exploit the potential of such a title (indeed the contents were indistinguishable from those of most of Kitchen's anthology comics of that time), the new issue ironically suffers from sticking so literally to the premise of "Martian Marxists."

As fond as I am of political satire and as rich as the tradition of American anti-communist paranoia is as a potential target of such satire, ***Commies from Mars*** #2 bothers me far more than I had originally expected.

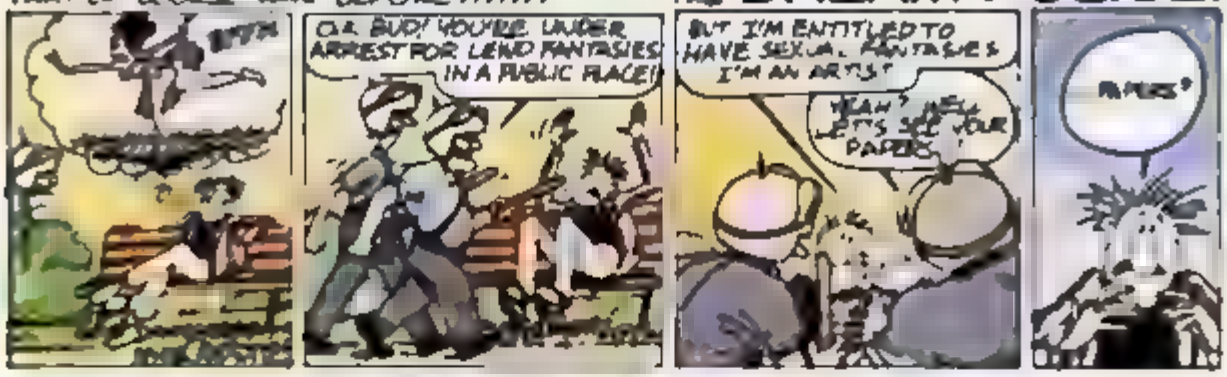
This time around *all* the strips inside tie into the title, the artists each taking off on the admitted absurdity of alien commies. So far so good. Moreover the three best strips in the book (by Doug Hansen, Greg Irons, and Boxell himself) not only revel in the absurdity but deliver their "messages" with a sophistication that successfully lampoons the human condition while sidestepping the temptation to wallow too much in mock cliches.

Hansen's untitled two-pager uses a silhouette approach to tell a snappy vignette of childhood paranoia. Irons has his Gregor the Ape character obsessively bemoaning his slavery to his gonads — a not uncommon male affliction attributable to — an alien commie plot? Boxell's "Commies from Mars Cafe" is a bad pun in sheep's clothing rescued at the end by a puckish satire of government red tape.

However, the remaining two-thirds of the comic, while competent enough, fails to go much of anywhere, or in the case of Rich Larson's story "The Treaty," takes me places I've been to before and found repugnant. Hunt Emerson's "The Adventures of Alan Rabbit" and J. Michael Leonard's "2200: A Spaced Outessy" clock in at six pages each and while very different stylistically are amazingly similar in story line: futuristic hide-and-seek between earthlings and aliens. Leonard delivers a nice O. Henry-esque climax at the expense of a confusing beginning, while Emerson, a cartoonist for the British rock press, does throw in some flashy brushwork. A three-pager by Boxell, "Snak," involving a Martian "horse" eating a mutant reptile "baby" is mercifully brief.

But Larson's story, a six-pager and the meatiest in the book, is impossible to ignore. While it begins as a pointed and acerbic commentary on politicians and diplomatic give-and-take, "The Treaty" soon trades insights for easy cynicism. But worst of all the story's subtheme of conflict between the male treaty signers and their female translator which sets the stage for the story's shock ending, also allows Larson to give vent to a brutal fit of misogyny at the end, the likes of which have been largely absent from UGs over the last few years.

Larson's last-panel Martian opines, "On Mars we have a saying. Put your trust in the Gods but keep your bureaucrats and your broads at home!" Even assuming that this is heavy-handed tongue-in-cheek, that is indeed the message of the story and as such helps


REMEMBER WHEN DAYDREAMS AND FANTASIES WERE YOUR LAST PRIVATE REFUGE? THAT OF COURSE WAS BEFORE.....
THE DREAM POLICE!
OK BUD! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR LEWD FANTASIES IN A PUBLIC PLACE!
BUT I'M ENTITLED TO HAVE SEXUAL FANTASIES I'M AN ARTIST
YEAH? WELL LET'S SEE YOUR PAPERS
PAPERS?

turn the parodic thrust of the whole comic [illegible] But the [illegible] stranger to the risks of using exaggeration to [illegible]

[illegible] have no reser[illegible] results are collected in *The Studio*

[illegible] be sneaky

WELL THERE'S A LOTTA FANTASY FREAKS POSING AS ARTISTS THESE DAYS AN' I WANNA SEE YER LICENSE TO PRACTICE
I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!!
HALT!
CRASH!
I DON'T KNOW WHY BUT THEY FALL FOR THAT ONE EVERY TIME
I MIGHT THROW IN THE LOVE LETTER AND THE PHOTO OF MY PENIS THAT'S WHAT I AM ART

ONLY THE PLITCH! by BILAL

ABOVE A SUBURB OF PARIS...
POLICE
WE'RE APPROACHING, MR PRESIDENT. BY NOW, THE CHIEF OF SECURITY MUST BE THERE
WITH, LET'S HOPE A RATIONAL EXPLANATION FOR THIS
FIRMIN
WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE?
IT'S UNIMAGINABLE MR PRESIDENT. IT GOES BEYOND ALL UNDERSTANDING. THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF GENNEVILLIERS HAS ACTUALLY DISAPPEARED!
INTO THIN AIR?
SO IT APPEARS
AH, HERE YOU ARE, MR PRESIDENT
FIRMIN, HOW IS YOUR WIFE FEELING AFTER THE BIRTH OF YOUR CHILD? WELL, I HOPE
VERY WELL MR PRESIDENT THANK YOU, MR PRESIDENT. WE'RE ARRIVING, MR PRESIDENT

YOU REALIZE PRUNCE, THAT WHAT YOU HAVE TOLD ME IS TOTALLY UNBELIEVABLE
ALAS, MR PRESIDENT WE MUST YIELD TO THE EVIDENCE MY MEN HAVE SEARCHED THE CITY FROM TOP TO BOTTOM IN VAIN THEY FOUND NOT EVEN A CAT!
..NOT EVEN A CAT BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, THERE IS THIS STRANGE THING THAT WALK AROUND ABOVE THE GROUND, MAKING A "PLITCH" NOISE WHEN ONE TOUCHES IT!
"PL'TCH"?
YES "PL'TCH"
PLITCH
!!
INDEED
AT ANY RATE PLITCH OR NO PLITCH, HAS THIS ANY CONNECTION WITH THIS COLLECTIVE DISAPPEARANCE?
THANKS, FIRMIN!
IN MY OPINION THERE'S NONE MR PRESIDENT I THINK WE MUST LOOK TO THE OPPOSITION DON'T FORGET THAT BY TRADITION, GENNEVILLIERS LEAN FAR TO THE LEFT, POLITICALLY!

INDEED? WHAT DO YOU THINK THE OPPOSITION WOULD DO WITH THE POPULATION, THAT IS ALREADY THEIRS? YOU'RE DIGRESSING, MY DEAR PRINCE
ALAS
IN ANY CASE THIS MATTER SEEMS GRAVE TO ME. WE MUST TAKE IMMEDIATE ACTION! WE MUST CALL FOR A JOINT MEETING OF MINISTERS, AND A TELEVISED STATEMENT WE MUST GIVE A PUBLIC STATEMENT OUR FIRST PRIORITY! LET'S GO, MEN!
BUT WHAT EXACTLY SHOULD WE SAY MISTER PRESIDENT?
A GOOD QUESTION
WELL WE CAN SAY THAT LET'S THINK A LITTLE
PLITCH!
WE CAN SAY THAT THEY ARE VICTIMS OF AN EPIDEMIC - NOT SERIOUS - THAT THE POPULATION OF GENNEVILLIERS IS FOR THE MOMENT UNDERGOING TREATMENT IN AN ALBANIAN CLINIC!
?!
BUT WHY AN ALBANIAN CLINIC, MR PRESIDENT?
WHY NOT?
THAT'S STRANGE DON'T YOU THINK? AN ALBANIAN CLINIC ALBANIA - WHERE IS THAT, DO YOU KNOW?
IN CHINA OR SOMEPLACE LIKE THAT
INDEED WHY DID I SAY THAT? STRANGE.
PLITCH!
IN ANY CASE THEY MUST HAVE REALLY BUSY CLINICS THERE HUH, PAPA? FULL OF GENNEVILLIERIAN PROLETARIATS!

AND THAT SAME NIGHT
PLI!!!!!!!!TCH!!!
AT THE HOME OF THE PRESIDENT
RRRR?!NG
YES ?
WHAT? LYON, BORDEAUX, MARSEILLE!!
FRENCHWOMEN FRENCHMEN! DESPITE THE EVIL THAT HAS SWEPT DOWN THESE LAST 48 HOURS ON OUR COUNTRY AND IMMOBILIZED 23 MILLION OF OUR COMPATRIOTS IN AN ALBANIAN CLINIC WE MUST NOT LOSE OUR NATIONAL COMPOSURE. NOR CAN WE FORGET THE DEEP PATRIOTIC ROOTS THAT HAVE FORGED IN EACH OF US THE CAPACITY FOR

SHORT TIME LATER...
DEAR PARISIAN FRIENDS! AS YOU UNDOUBTEDLY KNOW, THE REST OF THE FRENCH POPULATION IS NOW UNDERGOING TREATMENT IN AN ALBANIAN CLINIC. THE GOVERNMENT AND MYSELF WILL SOON BE IN A POSITION TO FURNISH YOU
WITH A RATIONAL EXPLANATION TO THIS DELICATE PROBLEM! THE SITUATION IS GRAVE BUT IT IS NOT HOPELESS AND THE GOVERNMENT IS FIRMLY
MR. PRESIDENT! DOWN THERE THE THING THAT GOES "PLITCH"
ABZ
WELL, NEVER MIND THAT, PRINCE! FRANCE IS A DEMOCRATIC COUNTRY, AND THIS "PLITCH" IS WELCOME

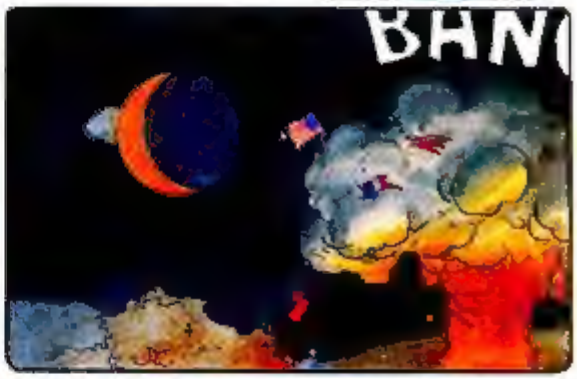
THREE SECONDS LATER
PLOP
BUT!?
HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?
HEAVENS!
ALL GONE!
MY GOD!
NO ONE'S LEFT!
NOT EVEN A CAT!
OH! SHIT! THEY'RE ALL IN ALBANIA
INDEED, SIRE! IT WAS DESTINED TO HAPPEN! WE ARE THE LAST AND ONLY PEOPLE IN FRANCE NOT TO BE TOUCHED BY THE MYSTERIOUS EPIDEMIC
THUS, I'VE DECIDED THAT WE WILL LEAVE TOMORROW FOR ALBANIA! THERE IS A TIME WHEN PEOPLE NEED THEIR LEADERS AND VICE VERSA! LET'S GO, SIR!
HERE, FIRMIN! I'M LEAVING YOU THE KEYS TO THE HOUSE AS WELL AS TO THE COUNTRY'S FUTURE
THIS CONFIDENCE TOUCHES ME DEEPLY, MR PRESIDENT!
hehehe THOSE WHO GET UP FROM THE TABLE LOSE THEIR PLACE.
PLOP

THIS EPIDEMIC IS QUITE PROVIDENTIAL! IT KEEPS US FROM RUNNING ALL THE RISKS OF A CLASSIC COUP D'ETAT WHICH IS ALWAYS HAZARDOUS. AT LAST WE ARE THE MASTERS OF THE COUNTRY. THIS AFTERNOON WE MUST HAVE A MEETING OF ALL AVAILABLE ROBOTS. I'M FORMING A NEW GOVERNMENT
HA HA
BUT THIS IS A COUNTRY AS EMPTY AS IT IS SILENT. A PALE SUN PAINFULLY RISES. SOON FOLLOWED BY A GIGANTIC PLITCH
VIVE LA FRANCE
WE'VE REACHED ITALY!
THE MOONLIGHT IS PLEASANT
WE'VE ARRIVED IN YUGOSLAVIA MR PRESIDENT AND WE STILL HAVEN'T SEEN A SOUL NOT EVEN A CAT! ISN'T THAT STRANGE?
STRANGE YES. LIKE MANY THINGS IN THIS SITUATION
WE'RE STARTING TO HAVE HEAVY LOSSES. MR PRESIDENT ALREADY THREE MINISTERS ARE DEAD FROM EXHAUSTION, AND ONE WHO WAS IN THE WAR
WE'RE ARRIVING GENERAL WE'RE ARRIVING
OOH!

INDEED, THREE WEEKS LATER.
THERE! OVER THERE! THE CLINIC!
WHAT CAN I SAY?
SCHLAM!
THINGS SEEM TO BE RATHER BAD HERE. WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST GENERAL?
WE MUST GO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, MR PRESIDENT, IT'S OUR DUTY
DON'T ADVANCE THERE I'VE JUST MINED THE TERRAIN!
HERE ARE REINFORCEMENTS MEN! THE FRENCH ARE WITH US!

WELL, MY FRIEND, WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
THE WAR, OLD MAN! IT'S THE WAR!
A RED STRIKE, PROBABLY! WE WERE SHUT OUT! WHO COULD HAVE IMAGINED THAT STORY ABOUT THE EPIDEMIC AND THE CLINIC WOULD TURN OUT TO BE NONSENSE? NOT EVEN A CAT WAS LEFT IN THE CLINIC WHEN WE GOT THERE... I SUPPOSE YOU CAME FOR THE SAME REASONS...
INDEED I...
IN FRONT THERE ARE RUSSIANS, CUBANS, AND THEIR FLUNKYS! THEY OF COURSE CLAIM THAT IT WAS US WHO MADE THE STRIKE! THEY ARE BLUFFING! THEY EVEN SAY THAT THEIR OWN POPULATIONS HAVE ALSO DISAPPEARED! BY GOD, THEY'LL PAY FOR THAT!!
TONIGHT, WE WILL ATTACK! YOU'RE STAYING WITH US?
CERTAINLY! MILITARY PASSIVITY IS THE SCLEROSIS OF PROGRESSIVIST NATIONS! FRANCE RECOGNIZES THAT! AND I HAVEN'T HAD THE CHANCE TO GO OUT ON A HUNT...

IT WAS A GLORIOUS EVENING!



THERE NO LONGER REMAINS EVEN A CAT ON EARTH AND, AS IN FRANCE, ROBOTS ARE TAKING OVER THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. A GIGANTIC PLITCH HAS TAKEN ITS PRECIOUS HUMAN CARGO, FRUIT OF HIS EXTRAORDINARILY AUDACIOUS STRIKE, ON AN EPOCHAL JOURNEY THROUGH SPACE...

The Indestructible Heavy Metal T-shirt!

It stands up to any challenge the universe can mete out. Natural cotton fibers provide comfort and durability, cut to allow full mobility in combat. The bold *Heavy Metal* logo proclaims that yours is the garment of the future.

Available by mail from *Heavy Metal*. Black or red, sizes small, medium, or large. Six dollars each, plus sixty cents for postage and handling.

HEAVY METAL

DEPT. 580
635 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

Enclosed please find my check or money order. Please send me ____ *Heavy Metal* T-shirt(s) at $6.00 plus 60¢ per shirt.

Black S☐ M☐ L☐
Red S☐ M☐ L☐

Name _____

Address _____

_____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

KANAREK